

No. 5

JULY, 1937

Detective COMICS

10¢



CREIG
FLESSEL

THE COMIC HEADLINER!

No. 22

JULY, 1937

MORE

FUN COMICS

10¢



TRIED!
TESTED!
PROVED!

*..it holds
all the
honors!*

JULY, 1937

VOL. I No. 5

Detective COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

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SLAM

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

BRADLEY

IF I WASN'T
SO SORE AT YOU,
I'D KISS YOU! --
BOY! I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FORWARD
TO THIS FOR A
LONG TIME!

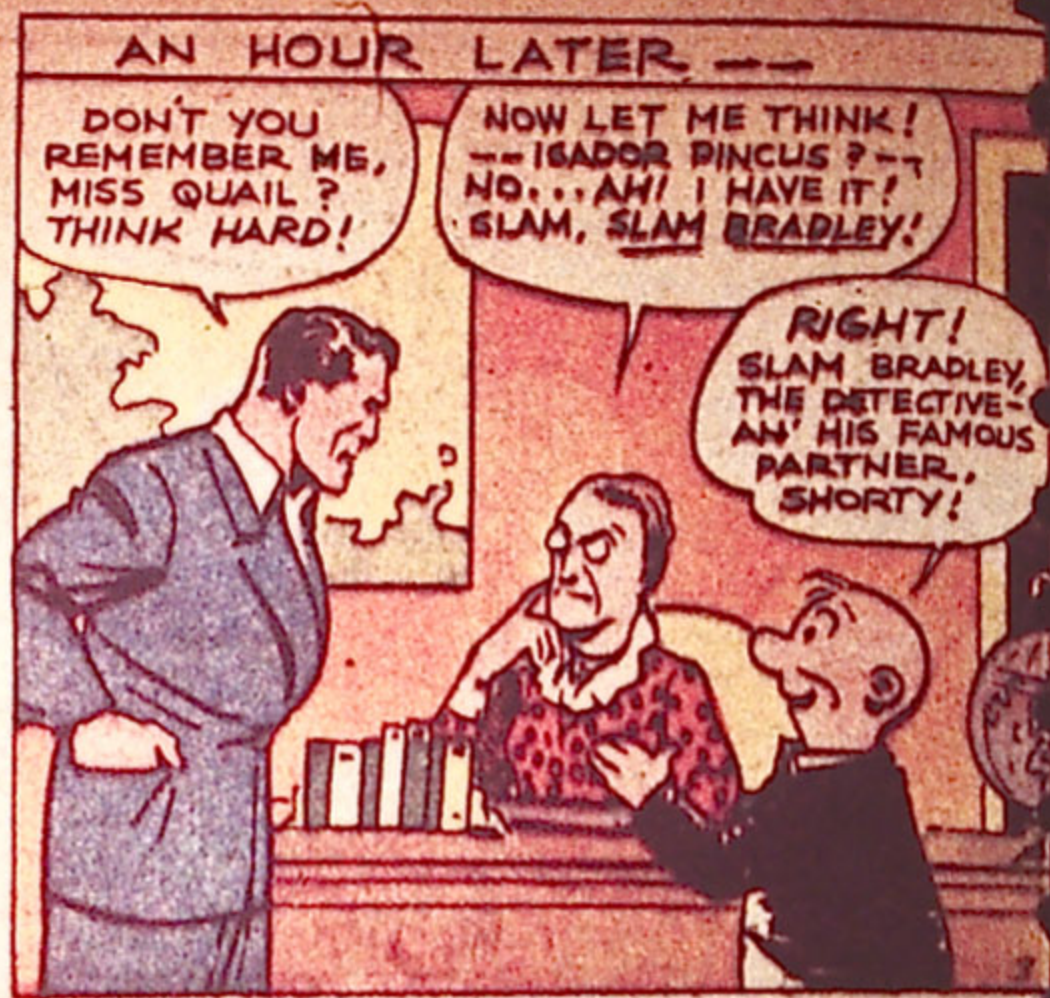


WHAM!! --NO. IT'S NOT AN EARTH-
QUAKE . . . IT'S MERELY OUR OLD PAL
SLAM BRADLEY. AT IT AGAIN! THIS TIME
HE HAS MET UP WITH THE FORMER
BULLY OF HIS SCHOOLBOY DAYS, AND IS
EVENING UP A FEW OLD SCORES!



THAT DID TH' OL' HEART GOOD! NOW TH' NEXT THING ON TH' PROGRAM IS A VISIT TO MY SIXTH GRADE TEACHER! -- I WONDER IF SHE'LL REMEMBER ME

GOSH! HERE YOU WANTA RECALL YER SCHOOL DAYS AN I'M STILL TRYIN' T'FORGET MINE!



AN HOUR LATER --

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, MISS QUAIL? THINK HARD!

NOW LET ME THINK! -- IGADOR PINCUS? -- NO... AH! I HAVE IT! SLAM, SLAM BRADLEY!

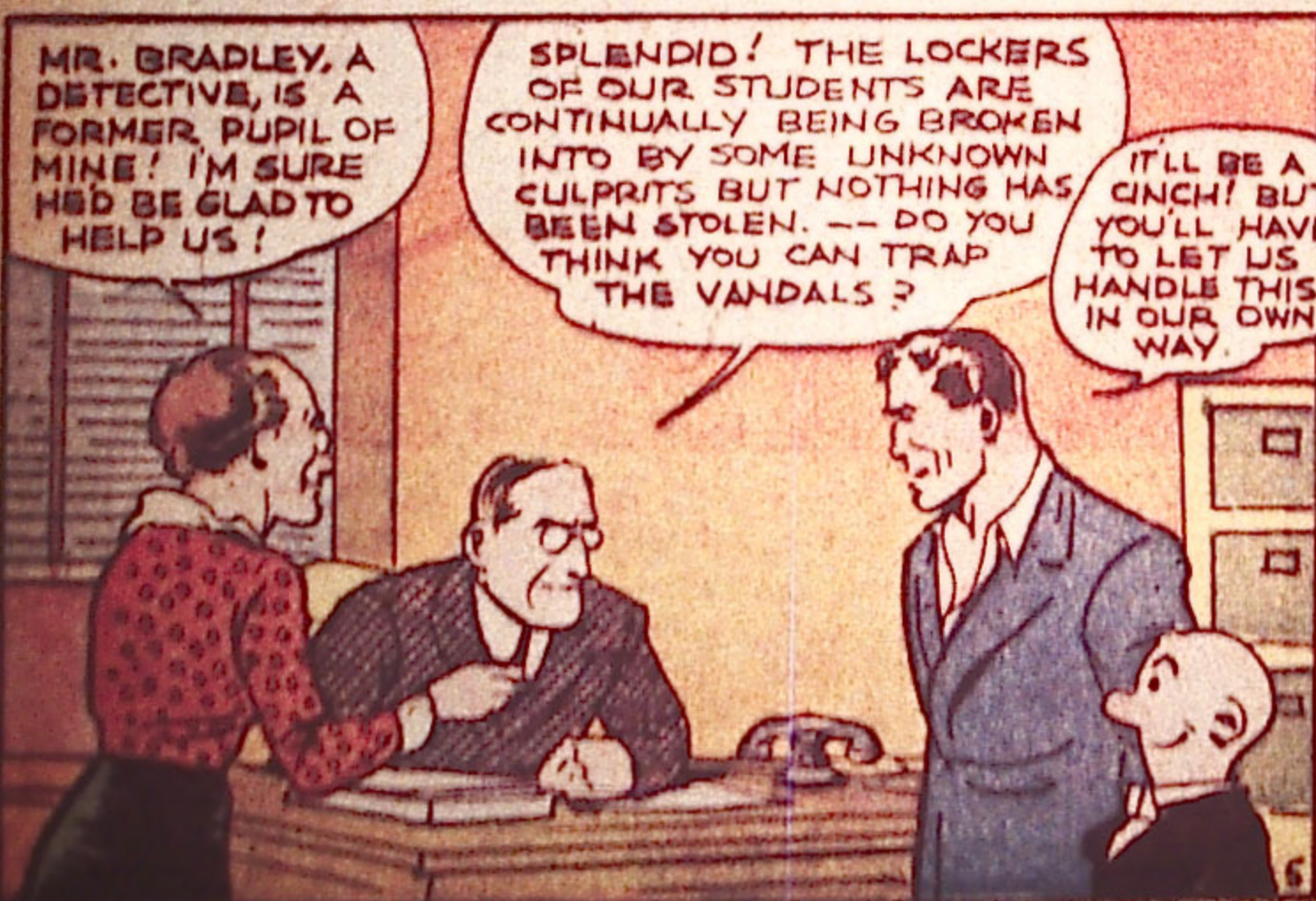
RIGHT! SLAM BRADLEY, THE DETECTIVE-- AN' HIS FAMOUS PARTNER, SHORTY!



A DETECTIVE! COME WITH ME! WE'RE GOING TO THE PRINCIPAL!

HEY! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

DOPE! I TOLD YOU WE'D GET IN DUTCH IF WE CAME HERE!



MR. BRADLEY, A DETECTIVE, IS A FORMER PUPIL OF MINE! I'M SURE HED BE GLAD TO HELP US!

SPLENDID! THE LOCKERS OF OUR STUDENTS ARE CONTINUALLY BEING BROKEN INTO BY SOME UNKNOWN CULPRITS BUT NOTHING HAS BEEN STOLEN. -- DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TRAP THE VANDALS?

IT'LL BE A CINCH! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LET US HANDLE THIS IN OUR OWN WAY.



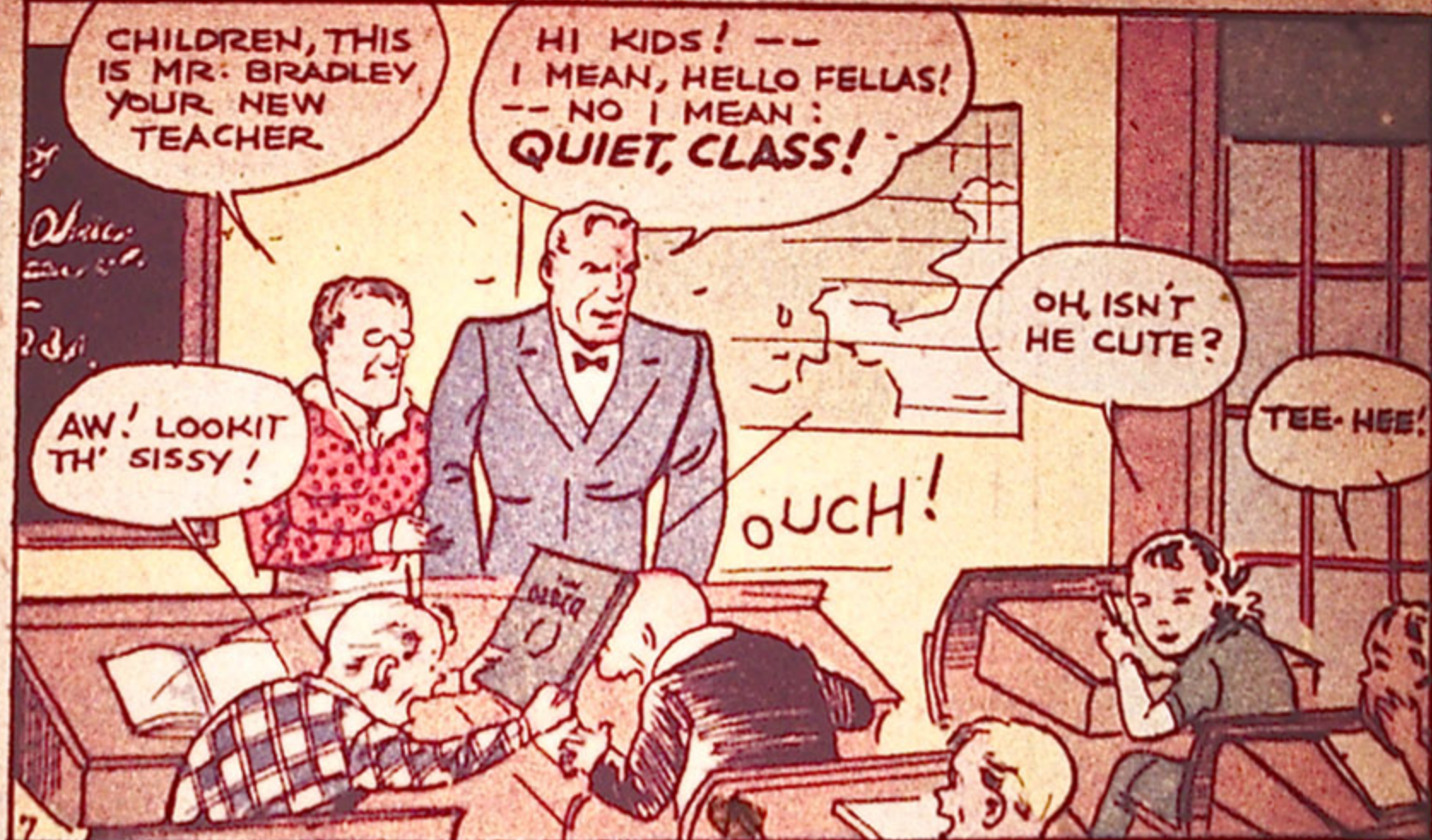
LATER ...

WHA-WHAT'S THAT?

A CHILD'S SUIT. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT -- BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO WEAR IT!

NEXT DAY...
THINGS START
CLICKING AS
SLAM'S PLAN
MOVES INTO
OPERATION

FIRST, THE
STUDENTS MEET
A RELUCTANT
NEWCOMER,
THEN ARE
INTRODUCED
TO A NEW
INSTRUCTOR



LUNCH TIME --

I TELL YA, SLAM,
I'M GOIN' NUTS --
NUTS! IF THERE'S
ONE KID WHO DIDN'T
PICK ON ME, IT'S
'CAUSE I COULD
RUN FASTER!

YOU SHOULD TALK!
HOW DO Y' SUPPOSE
I FELT WHEN I
LEARNED THAT
COMPARED TO MY
PUPILS, I'M AN
IGNORAMUS!



COME ON!
WE'RE GONNA TELL
MR TOWNSEND THAT
WE'RE QUITTIN'
HIM FLAT!

NOW YER
TALKIN'!



BUT WHEN THE OFFICE IS REACHED --

I'D LIKE YOU TO
MEET OUR HISTORY
TEACHER: MISS
CAMBEL.

MR. TOWNSEND
HAS BEEN TELLING
ME HOW YOU'RE
GOING TO HELP US.
I THINK YOU'RE
JUST TOO
WONDERFUL!

DO YOU?

I WAS JUST
TELLIN' SLAM,
HERE, THAT
WE'D TRACK
DOWN THOSE
CROOKS IF IT
TOOK A
LIFETIME!



LATER --

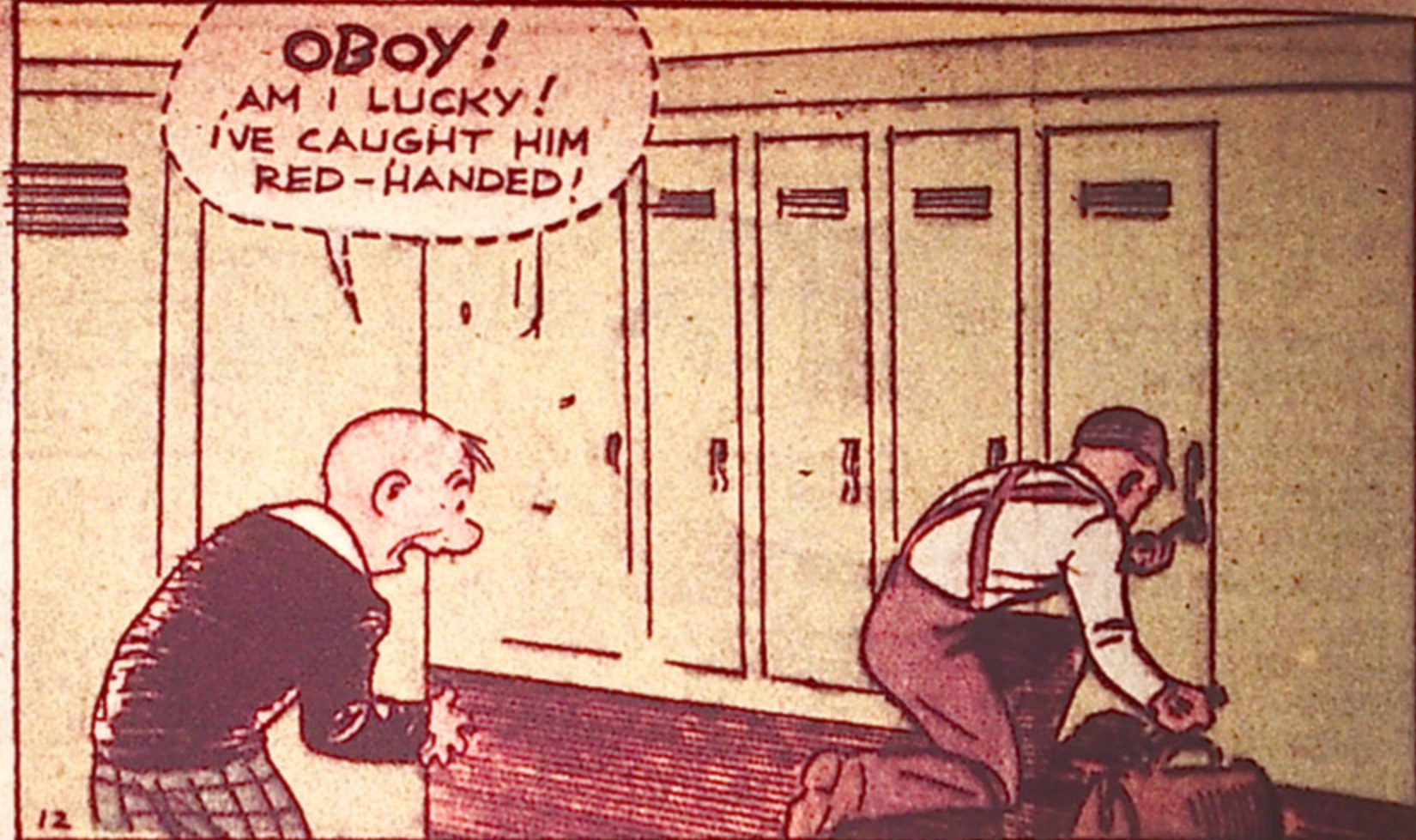
SHORTY, WE'RE
NOT GONNA WALK
OUT ON A WOMAN
IN DISTRESS,
ARE WE?

CERTAINLY
NOT! -- ER.
AT LEAST NOT
WHEN SHE'S
PRETTY!



WHILE RETURN-
ING TO HIS
CLASS ROOM,
SHORTY
GLIMPSES
A FIGURE
JIMMYING
THE LOCK
ON A LOCKER.

ELATED, HE
CREEPS
CAUTIOUSLY
FORWARD...



12

WHAT'S ALL
TH' RACKET
FOR?

SLAM! SLAM!
I GOT 'IM! --
I GOT TH' CROOK!

CROOK, NOTHIN'!
I'M TH' JANITOR
' OPENIN' A LOCK
FOR WHICH TH'
KEY WAS LOST.
LET GO, CON-
SARN YE!



13

SO YOU'RE THE
JANITOR, EH? TELL ME:
ARE YOU SURE NOTHING
WAS STOLEN OUT OF THE
LOCKERS THAT WERE
BROKEN INTO?

YES. I'M
POSITIVE
OF IT!



14

HAH! --
YA'D THINK TH'
CROOKS WERE
LOOKIN' FER,
RATHER THAN TRYIN'
T' STEAL, SOMETHIN'!



15

SHORTY! YOU GENIUS!
I BELIEVE YOU'VE
STRUCK IT SQUARE
ON TH' HEAD!

THAT'S IT!
SOMEONE IS LOOKIN'
FOR SOMETHIN'. --
BUT WHO IS IT?
AND WHAT IS
HE LOOKIN FOR?

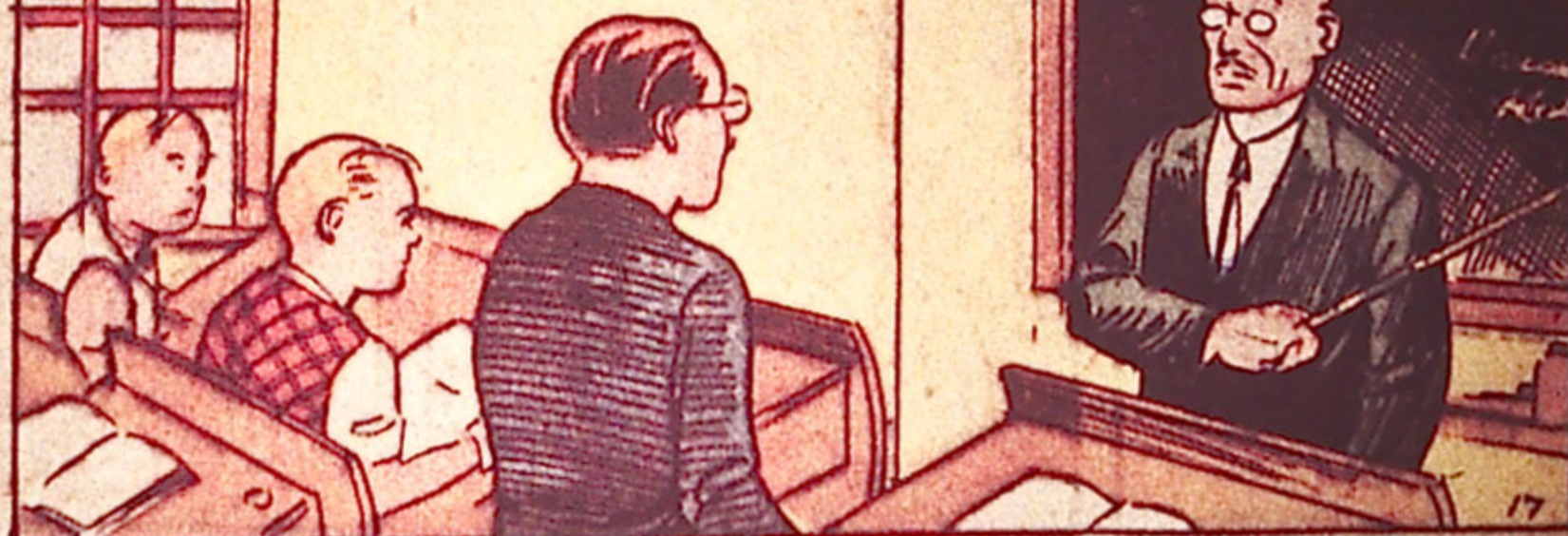


16

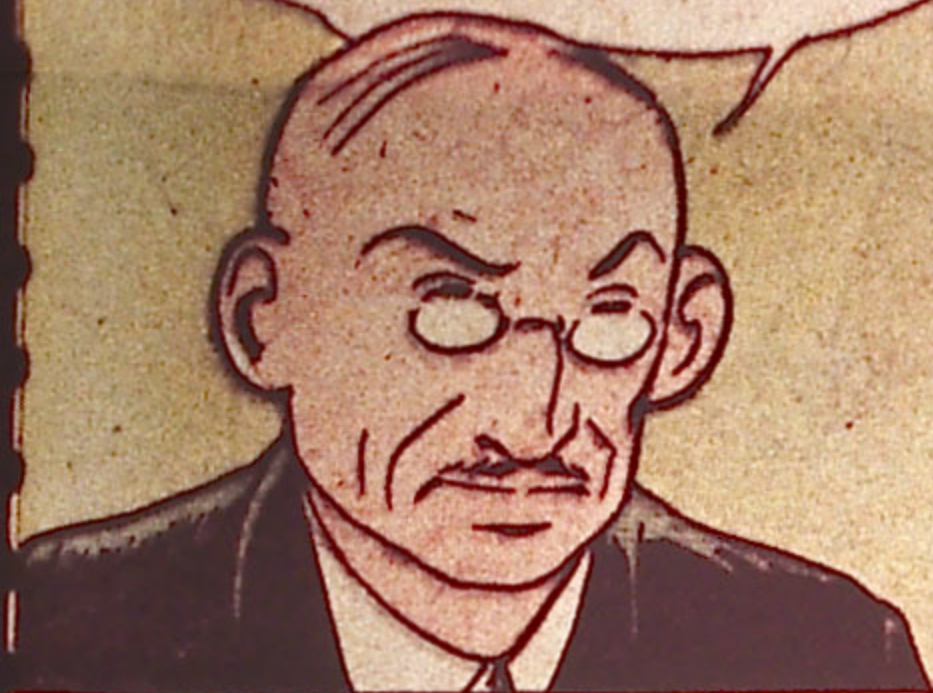
MEANWHILE--
THE SCIENCE
CLASS IS
BEING
ADDRESSED
BY ITS
INSTRUCTOR,
MR. PERSHING,

DO YOU MEAN TO
SAY THAT ALL WE'VE
GOT TO DO IS WATCH
OUR DIET AND WE'LL
BE AFRAID OF
NOTHING?

EXACTLY! IT IS MY
CONTENTION THAT FEAR
IS ENTIRELY A MATTER
OF IMPROPER
DIET!



TAKE MYSELF FOR INSTANCE.
I ATTRIBUTE MY CUSTOMARY
CALMNESS TO THE FACT
THAT I CONSUME A STEAK
EACH AFTERNOON!



AFTER THE STUDENTS LEAVE --

AND NOW FOR AN
ENERGIZING DEXTROSE-
RICH CHOCOLATE BAR
THAT'LL SEND MY
COURAGE UP TO THE
"NTH" DEGREE!



EVEN BREATHE,
AN' YOU'RE
A DEAD MAN!



HE'S
FAINTED!

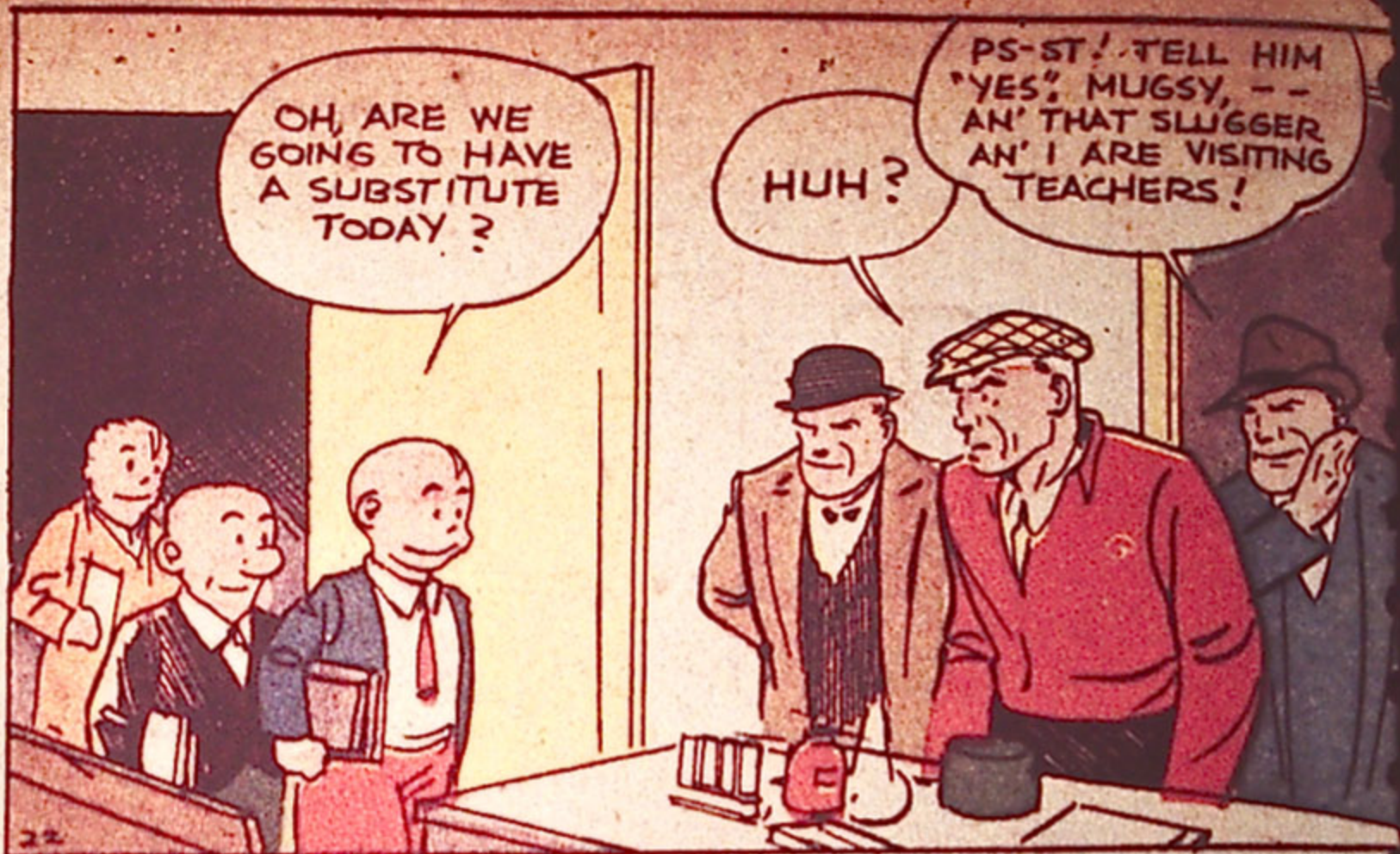
MAYBE HE
SHOULDA
ET TWO
STEAKS FER
DINNER!

CUT TH' COMEDY,
YOU GUYS, AN'
HIDE TH' SLEEPIN'
BEAUTY WHERE
HE WON'T BE
IN TH' WAY!



THE UNCONSCIOUS MR. PERSHING IS TOSSED OUT OF THE WINDOW THRU WHICH HIS UNWELCOME VISITORS HAD ENTERED.

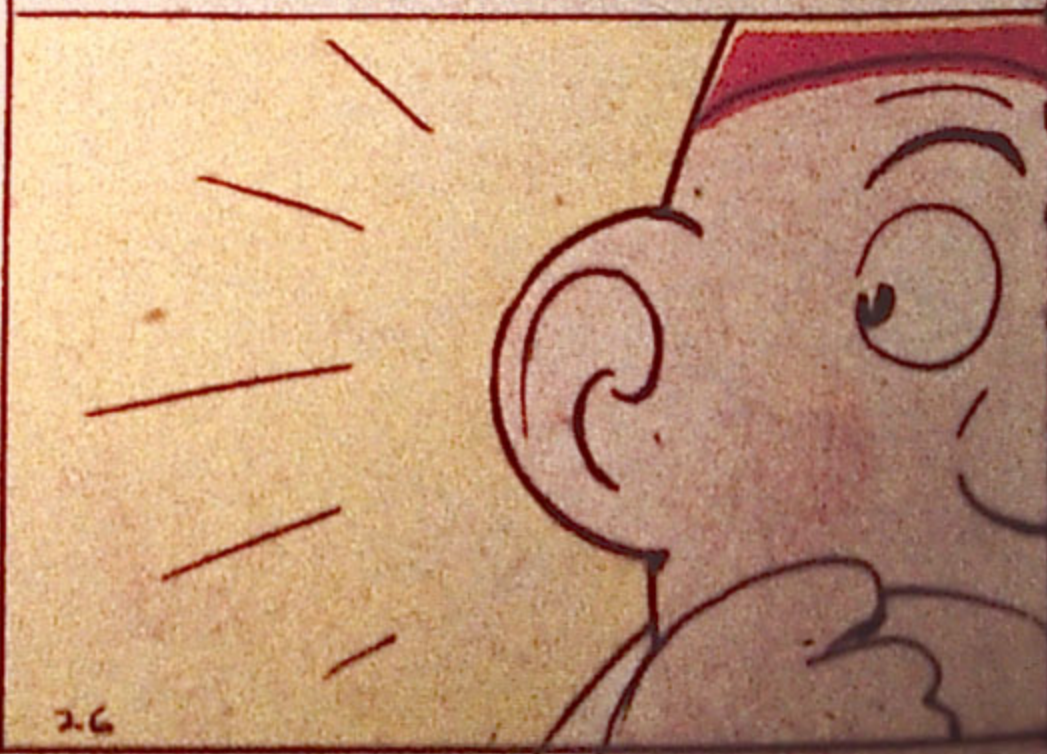
BUT AS THE TRIO MOVES TO LEAVE, THE FIRST OF THE STUDENTS IN THE NEXT CLASS ENTER THE ROOM



MUGSY STARTS THE SESSION OFF BY ASKING SHORTY A QUESTION...



AFTER THE MOST AMAZING 45 MINUTES IN ITS LIFE, THE CLASS IS DISMISSED. THE THREE INTERLOPERS HURRIEDLY CONFER, UNAWARE THAT SHORTY, TOO AFRAID TO MOVE, IS LISTENING, STUPEFIED, TO EVERY WORD...



YOU FATHEAD! THINK!
WHERE DID YOU HIDE
THE SATCHEL OF STOLEN
DOUGH WHEN THE COP
CHASED YOU INTO THIS
BUILDING AFTER WE
PULLED THAT BANK
JOB?

I TOLDJA A
THOUSAN' TIMES,,
I FERGOT TH'
NUMBER OF
THE LOCKER!

WELL, WE'VE BROKEN
INTO HUNDREDS OF
LOCKERS. BUT WITHOUT
ANY LUCK. NOW WE'LL
HAVE TO TRY ONE LAST
DESPERATE SCHEME IN
BROAD DAYLIGHT--
LET'S GO!



AFTER THE GANGSTERS LEAVE THE
ROOM, SHORTY DASHES FRANTICALLY
THRU THE HALLS, BUT FINDS NO TRACE
OF SLAM

**SLAM! WHERE
IN HECK ARE YA?
SLAM! SLAM!**



HE THEN RACES TO WARN MR. TOWNSEND,
BUT WHEN HE REACHES THE OFFICE...

MR. TOWNSEND!
TH' CROOKS ARE
HERE IN TH'
BUILDING! I
HEARD 'EM AN'--

CLOSE TH' DOOR
MUGSY! WE GOT
A LITTLE BUSINESS
TO DO HERE!

OH, YOU DID,
EH? HOW
INTERESTING!



THE GANG LEADER FORCES MR. TOWNSEND
TO BROADCAST A MESSAGE TO ALL CLASSES
THRU THE SCHOOL'S PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

ALL STUDENTS ARE
ORDERED TO INSTANTLY
SEARCH THEIR LOCKERS
FOR A BLACK SATCHEL
WHICH, IF FOUND, IS TO
BE BROUGHT DOWN
TO MY OFFICE AT
ONCE

SAY ONE
WRONG WORD
AND THIS GUN
GOES OFF!



**I FOUND IT,
MISS CAMBEL!
I FOUND THE
SATCHEL IN
MY LOCKER!**

**COME WITH ME!
WE'LL BOTH GO
DOWN TO THE
OFFICE**



THE BROADCAST IS HEARD, TOO, BY SLAM BRADLEY -- BUT HIS SIXTH SENSE WARNS HIM THAT SOMETHING IS AMISS!

ALL STUDENTS ARE ORDERED TO INSTANTLY SEARCH THEIR LOCKERS FOR A BLACK SACHEL WHICH, IF FOUND, IS TO BE BROUGHT DOWN TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE!

IT DOESN'T SOUND KOSHER TO ME! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



SLAM MEETS MISS CAMBEL OUTSIDE THE OFFICE . . .

I'M SURE THIS IS THE SACHEL MR. TOWNSEND MEANS. JOHNNY FOUND IT IN HIS LOCKER

HERE. LET ME CARRY IT FOR YOU.



AS THE THREE ENTER TOWNSEND'S OFFICE . . .

THE SACHEL! LOOK BOSS! -- HES GOT IT!

WELL, HE WON'T HAVE IT LONG! **GRAB IT!**



ONE SWIFT GLANCE HAD APPRAISED SLAM OF THE SITUATION.

QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, HE TOSSES THE SACHEL ACROSS TO SHORTY AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT SHORTY SPRINTS OFF FOR DEAR LIFE, CLOSELY HUGGING THE SACHEL!

GET HIM!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!!

STOP! STOP OR I'LL PLUG YA!

FEET, DON'T FAIL ME!!



CLOSELY PURSUED, SHORTY
SPRINGS ONTO A RAILING,
AND GOES SLIDING DOWN !!

WHEE-EE!

-- IF IT WEREN'T
FER THOSE DURN
CROOKS, THIS'D BE
FUN !

THE GANGSTERS, DESPERATE AT
THE SIGHT OF THEIR LOOT ESCAPING,
TRY TO EMULATE SHORTY'S FEAT,
BUT LAND IN A TANGLED MASS
AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS !

GET UP, YOU
FOOLS! GET UP!
HE'S ESCAPING!

36

37

SHORTY TEARS
INTO THE GYM-
NASIUM, LOSES
HIS BALANCE
ON THE SLIP-
PERY FLOOR
AND PLOPS!

REGAINING HIS
FEET HE TURNS
TO RUN --

**BUT FACES
THREE GUNS!**

DON'T TRY
ANYTHING! --
WE'VE GOT YOU
TRAPPED!

C'MERE,
SONNY!
I WANNA GIVE
YA SOMETHIN'

THE
BLACK-
JACK, EH?

SORRY,
BUT I HAVE TO
BE LEAVING
YOU BOYS!



AFTER HIM,
MUGSY!



ONE SWIFT LEAP CARRIES SHORTY
ONTO A SPRING-BOARD WHICH IN
TURN CATAPULTS HIM UP INTO THE
AIR. SNATCHING WILDLY, SHORTY
CATCHES A CLIMBING-ROPE AND
INCHES HIS WAY SLOWLY UPWARD!

39

WHEN I SAY
THERE'RE FOUR
QUARTS IN A
GALLON, I'M NOT
FOOLIN'!



RISING SWIFTLY IN PURSUIT, MUGSY
IS CERTAIN OF OVERTAKING SHORTY!
BUT SUDDENLY LOOSENING HIS GRIP
SHORTY HURTTLES DOWN, HIS FEET
CATCHING MUGSY SQUARELY IN THE
FACE -- AND THE TWO BOTH
DROP TO THE FLOOR!

40

SCRAMBLING
TO HIS FEET,
SHORTY STAGGERS
WITHIN TWO
PARALLEL-BARS

HEARING SOME-
ONE RUSHING
TOWARD HIM, HE
HOISTS HIMSELF
UP AND STRIKES
OUT BLINDLY
WITH HIS FEET!

MY GOSH!
IT'S SLAM I'VE
KNOCKED OUT!--
AND HERE COME
THOSE CROOKS WITH
MURDER IN THEIR
EYES!

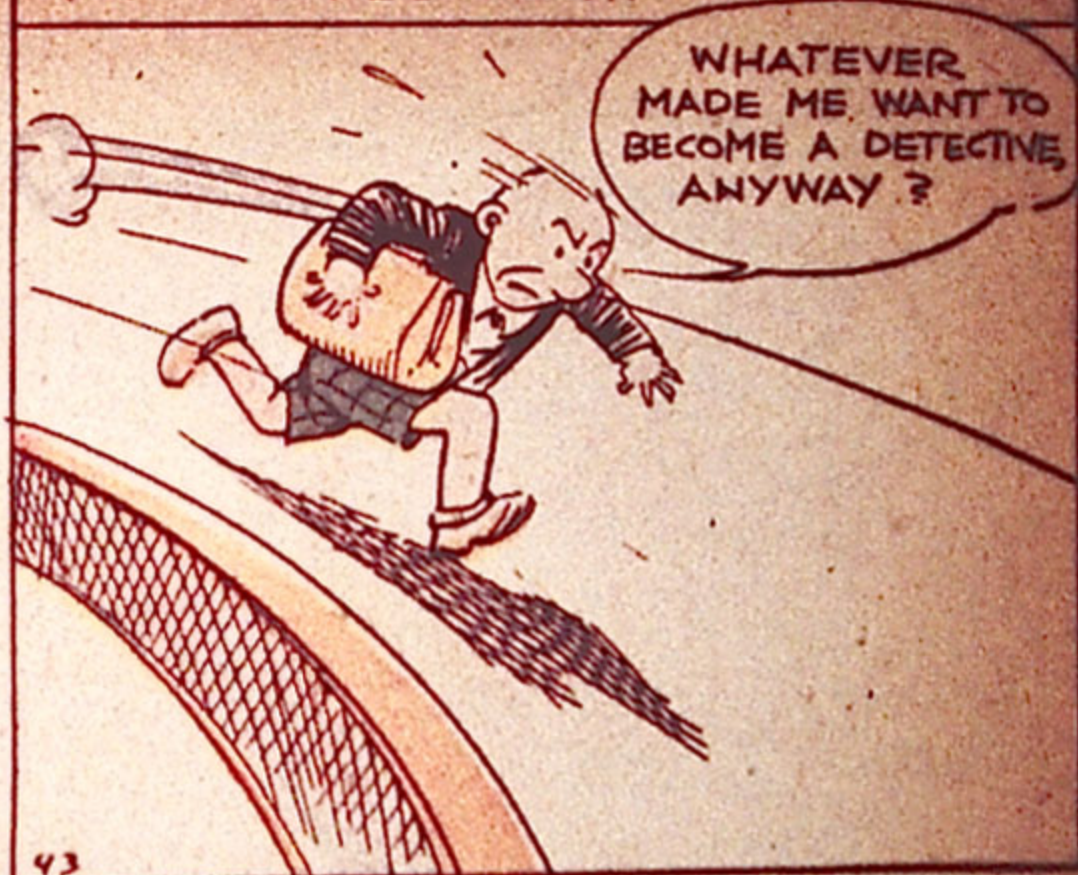


41

SLAM REVIVES TO SEE SHORTY CLAMBERING UP A LADDER TO THE CIRCULAR RUNNING-TRACK, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE TWO REMAINING GANGSTERS . . .



SAFELY ON THE TRACK, SHORTY RUNS FOR ALL HE'S WORTH.

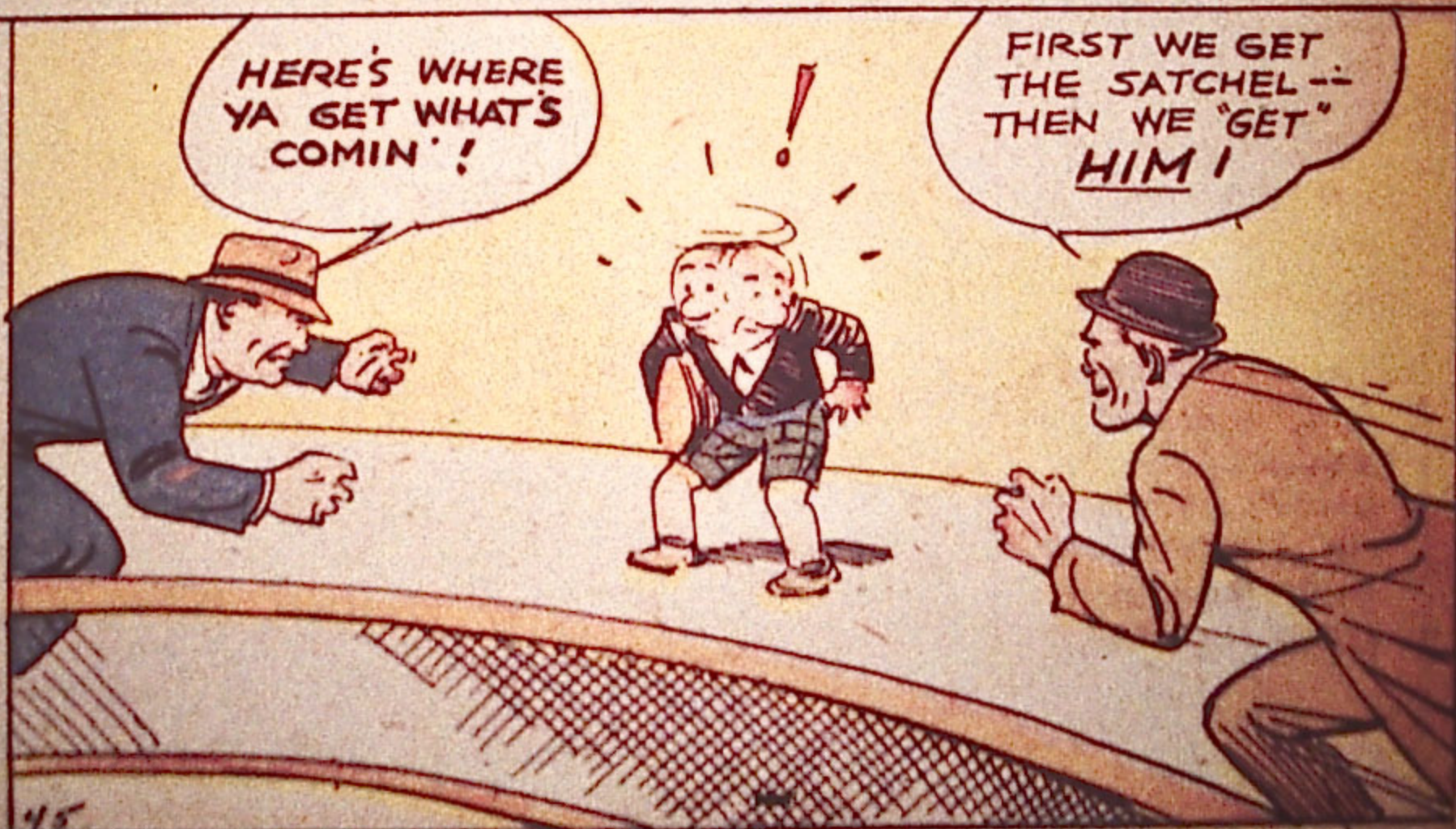


WHEN THE GANGSTERS REACH THE TRACK —

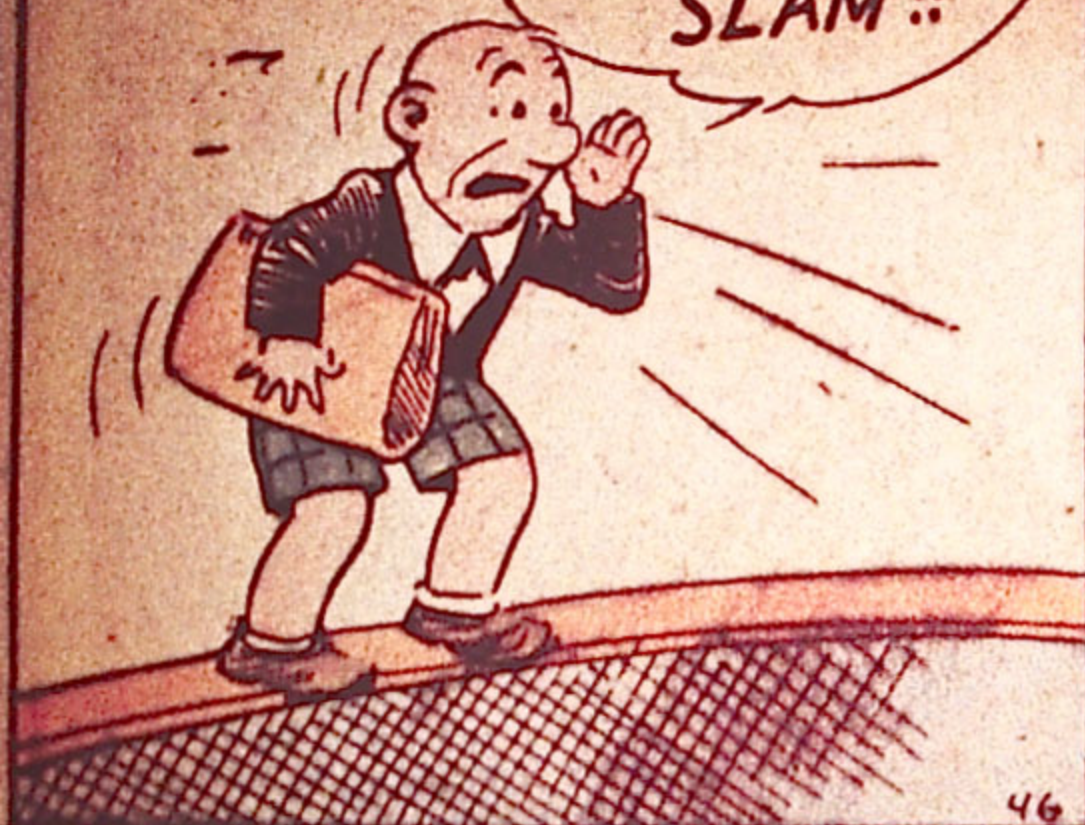


THE GANGSTERS' PLAN WORKS!

IT LOOKS BAD FOR SHORTY!



**SLAM! HELP!
SLAM!!**



BUT SLAM HAD SEIZED A PAIR OF TRAILING RINGS AND SWUNG INTO ACTION EVEN BEFORE SHORTY HAD CRIED OUT!

WERE YOU
PAGING ME?



WITH SHORTY FIRMLY CLUTCHED BETWEEN HIS KNEES, SLAM SWINGS BACK FROM THE RAIL. SUDDENLY LOOSENING HIS GRIP ON THE RINGS, SLAM PLUMMETS DOWN, CATCHES A CHINING-BAR, WHIRLS IN A COMPLETE CIRCLE, THEN LANDS ON HIS FEET, ALONG WITH A SAFE BUT BREATHLESS SHORTY!



THE GANGSTERS TEAR DOWN FROM THE TRACK TO THE GYM --

STEP ON IT!
HE'S GETTIN'
AWAY WITH
THAT DOUGH!

WHEN I GET
MY HANDS
ON HIM --!



-- DIRECTLY INTO SLAM'S WAITING ARMS!

MY NECK!
YER BREAKIN'
IT!!

READY WITH
THOSE ROPES,
SHORTY?

LET GO!
YOU'RE
STRANGLING
ME!



A FEW
MOMENTS
LATER, THE
GYM IS
FILLED WITH
POLICEMEN
AND
EXCITED
TEACHERS



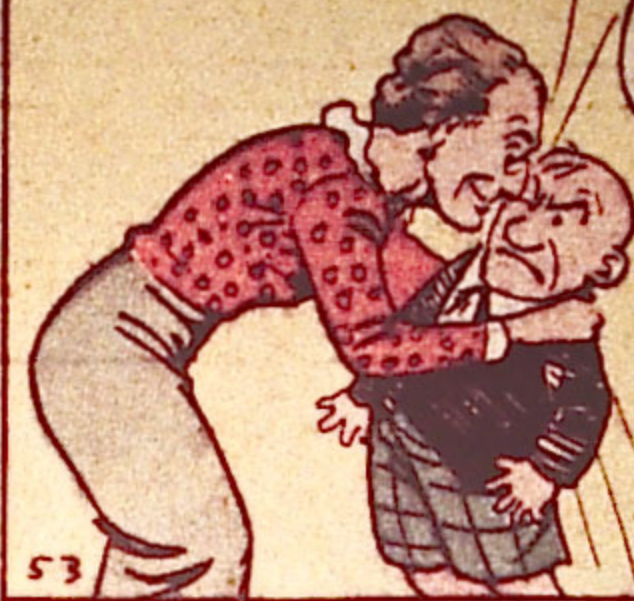
OH, MR. BRADLEY!
YOU WERE
SUPERB!

HEY!
AIN'T I
GONNA BE
KISSED TOO?



CERTAINLY!
I'D BE DELIGHTED
TO KISS YOU!

WHEN WILL
I EVER LEARN
TO KEEP MY
MOUTH SHUT?



THE END

COMPLETE IN NEXT ISSUE:

SLAM BRADLEY in MEXICO

NEXT MONTH OUR TWO DARE-DEVIL
DETECTIVES SHOW A BAND OF
CUT-THROAT MEXICAN BANDITS
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE **REALLY**
TOUGH !!



Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING



-THE PATH OF THORNS-

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, SADDLE-STIFF AND WEARY, EDGES HIS HORSE TOWARDS THE COOL SHADE OF A WILLOW, WHEN HE HEARS THE HOOF BEATS OF A HORSE, RAPIDLY APPROACHING.

PRESENTLY, A RIDER ON A SORREL HORSE TOPS A RIDGE, JUST BEYOND, THEN SUDDENLY SWERVES FROM THE TRAIL AND DISAPPEARS DOWN THE BRUSH-COVERED SLOPE, WHEN HE CATCHES SIGHT OF BUCK, AHEAD-



SUSPICIOUS OF THE MAN'S ACTIONS, BUCK STARTS AFTER HIM

THAT GENT ACTS LIKE A HORSE THIEF!



BUCK SWINGS TO THE GROUND AS A BULLET GRAZES HIS ARM, BARELY MAKING THE COVER OF A FALLEN TREE TRUNK, AS ANOTHER SLUG THROWS SPLINTERS IN HIS FACE



CONCEALED BY THE ROCKS AND DENSE UNDERGROWTH, BUCK CREEPS UP TO RUSH HIS HIDDEN FOE, BUT FINDS THAT HE HAS GIVEN HIM THE SLIP.

SHUCKS- HE'S PUT ONE OVER ON ME!



LOOKING FOR FOOT PRINTS, BUCK NOTICES A SMALL, TORN PIECE OF BLACK CLOTH, HANGING ON A THORN-BUSH - FOLDING IT, HE PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET -

THAT MIGHT COME IN HANDY

FINALLY, LOSING THE FELLOW'S TRAIL OVER A ROCK LEDGE, HE CONTINUES ON HIS WAY TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, ARRIVING JUST AS THE SHERIFF IS ABOUT TO LEAVE -

BUCK, I WISH YOU WOULD COME WITH ME, OVER TO THE BAR 2 W OLD MAN WARNER JUST SENT FOR ME - I UNDERSTAND THERE'S BEEN A HOLD-UP -

O.K. - LET'S GET GOING

ON THE WAY TO THE BAR 2 W RANGE, THE SHERIFF TELLS BUCK WHAT HE KNOWS CONCERNING THE HOLD-UP

IT APPEARS THAT WARNER SENT JACK DARSEY, HIS MOST TRUSTED HAND, TO THE BANK TO DRAW MONEY FOR THE PAY-ROLL - ON THE WAY BACK SOME HOMBRE STUCK HIM UP

ARRIVING AT THE BAR 2 W, THE SHERIFF FINDS WARNER IMPATIENTLY AWAITING HIS ARRIVAL -

WHO, BESIDES YOURSELF, KNEW THAT DARSEY WAS GOING AFTER THE MONEY?

NO ONE, SO FAR AS I KNOW - I INTENDED TO GO MYSELF, UP TILL HALF AN HOUR BEFORE I SENT DARSEY -

AS THEY ARE TALKING, WARNER HAILS DARSEY, AS HE PASSES ON HIS WAY TO THE BUNK HOUSE -

HI - JACK - JUST STEP OVER A MOMENT

COULD YOU TELL US ANYTHING ABOUT THE APPEARANCE OF THE ROBBER?

NO, BECAUSE I DIDN'T SEE HIM. HE WAS HIDING BEHIND A BIG BOULDER AND ORDERED ME TO TOSS OVER THE CASH OR HE'D PUMP ME FULL OF LEAD!

BUCK
AND
THE
SHERIFF
GO TO
THE
BUNK
HOUSE

SHERIFF, I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL
SURPRISED IF THIS TURNS
OUT TO BE AN INSIDE JOB -
THAT AMBUSH WAS CAREFULLY
PLANNED BY SOMEONE WHO
KNEW THAT HE HAD THAT
MONEY -



KANE, THE FOREMAN WAS ALONE IN THE
BUNK-HOUSE WHEN THEY ENTERED -

WELL, IF YOU ASK ME, I THINK DARSEY
KNOWS MORE THAN HE'S TELLIN'. HE'S
BEEN ACTIN' MIGHTY QUEER LATELY



JUST BEFORE YOU CAME IN
I SAW HIM GO TO HIS BUNK
AND SHOVE SOMETHIN' UNDER
THE MATTRESS - HE
DIDN'T KNOW I
WAS AROUND



AFTER KANE POINTS OUT DARSEY'S
BUNK, BUCK LOOKS UNDER THE MATTRESS.

THERE'S
SOMETHING
UNDER
HERE!



CALLING WARNER AND THE SHERIFF OVER,
BUCK HANDS OVER A BUNDLE OF BILLS.

I JUST FOUND THIS
UNDER THE MATTRESS -
IN DARSEY'S BUNK -
COUNT IT!



YES, IT'S ALL HERE!
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT
DARSEY WOULD DO
THIS -

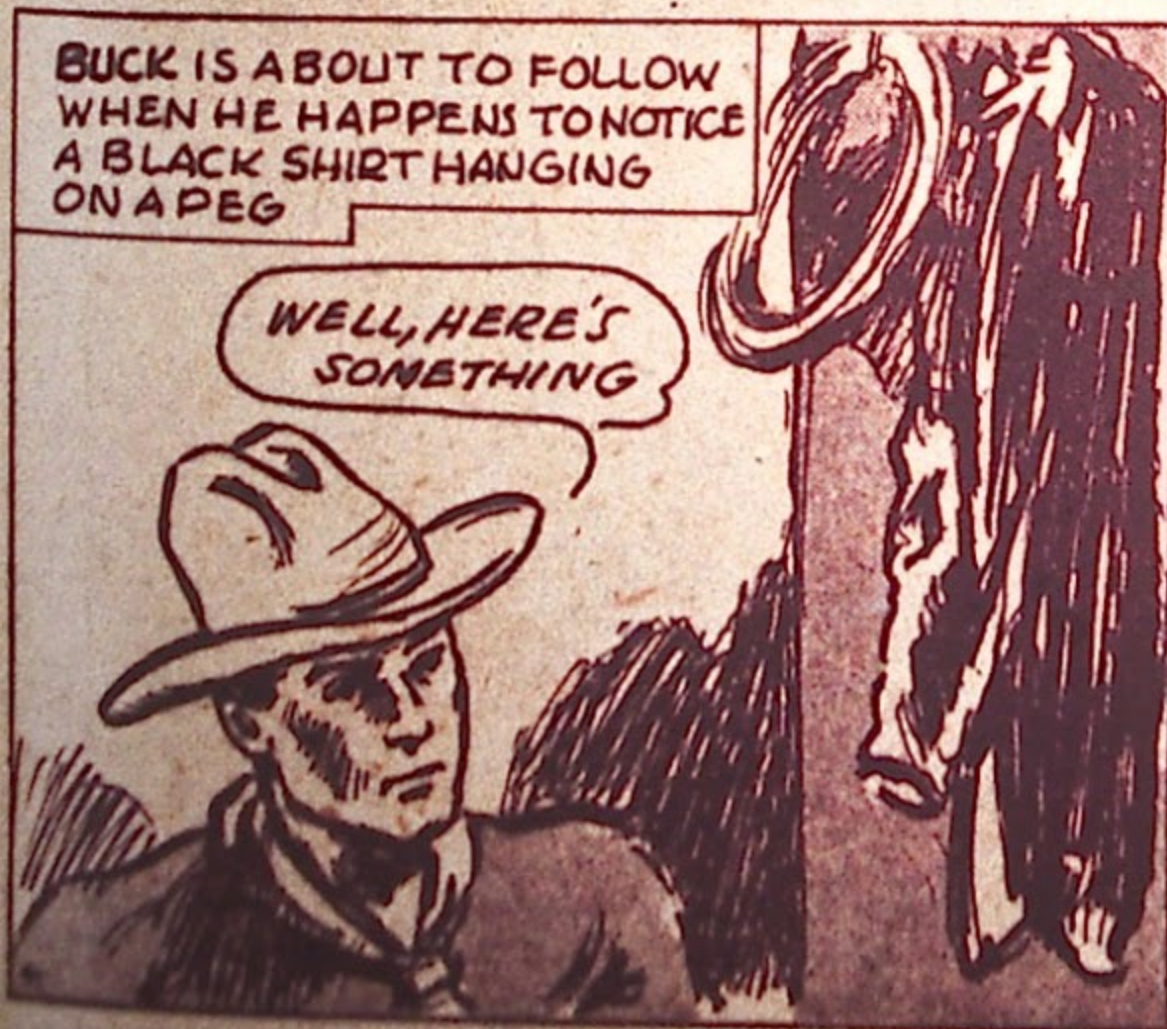




AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES, JOE RETURNS
WITHOUT DARSEY.



CONVINCED, NOW, THAT DARSEY IS
GUILTY, WARNER, WRATHFULLY, TURNS
TO THE DOOR, CALLING ON THE OTHERS
TO FOLLOW -



RUSHING TO THE DOOR, BUCK CALLS WARNER, THE SHERIFF AND KANE, BACK-

BRING IN THE OWNER OF THIS SHIRT AND WE'LL HAVE THE HOMBRE WHO TOOK THE MONEY!

I SAW THE JASPER THAT WORE THIS BLACK SHIRT IN THE VICINITY OF THE STICK-UP. HE TRIED TO WING ME WITH A SLUG AND IN MAKING HIS GETAWAY, LEFT A SAMPLE OF HIS SHIRT ON A THORN-BUSH - HERE IT IS - IT FITS THE RENT IN THIS SHIRT, PERFECTLY-

YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT - THAT SHIRT BELONGS TO JACK DARSEY. THERE WAS NO STICK-UP. HE WAS THE ONLY ONE THERE! HE SHOT AT YOU SO THAT YOU WOULD TELL THAT YOU SAW THE ROBBER!

JUST THEN STAN MARTIN, DARSEY'S PAL, SPEAKS UP.

THAT'S DARSEY'S SHIRT. ALL RIGHT, BUT HE HASN'T WORN IT FOR A WEEK - I SAW KANE PUT IT ON, THIS MORNING - I WONDERED ABOUT IT, TOO -

MEANWHILE, THE EYES OF THE OTHERS DIVERTED FOR A MOMENT, KANE EDGES TO THE DOOR

AS MARTIN MENTIONS HIS NAME, KANE WHIRLS AROUND, COVERING THE REST WITH HIS GUN -

HANDS UP, EVERYBODY! I'LL DRILL THE FIRST ONE THAT MAKES A QUEER MOVE-

SUDDENLY, HIS GUN IS SMASHED FROM HIS HAND, AS A SHOT COMES CRASHING FROM AN OPEN WINDOW!

O.K. SHERIFF - PUT
THE CUFFS ON HIM!



IN ANOTHER MOMENT, DARSEY STEPS
THROUGH THE DOOR, WITH HIS GUN STILL
GRIPPED IN HIS HAND --



-JUST PASSING THE
WINDOW, WHEN I SAW
THIS COYOTE MAKING
YOU ALL REACH
FOR THE CEILING-

I'VE JUST BEEN DOWN TO THE
TELEGRAPH OFFICE - I SENT A
WIRE AND GOT AN ANSWER -

- KANE'S REAL NAME IS
LOPEZ AND HE
IS WANTED FOR
BANK ROBBERY.



HE WANTED TO GET RID OF YOU FOR
SOME REASON, SO HE TRIED TO FRAME YOU -
THINKING THAT WARNER WAS GOING TO THE
BANK, HE WORE YOUR SHIRT TO MAKE
WARNER THINK THAT YOU ROBBED HIM -
WHEN HE SAW YOU, HE CHANGED HIS PLANS,
PUTTING THE MONEY IN YOUR BUNK -
HE DIDN'T KNOW MARTIN SAW HIM PUT
YOUR SHIRT ON -



HE WANTED ME OUT
OF THE WAY BECAUSE
I KNEW SOMETHING
OF HIS PAST -

A SHORT WHILE AGO, JACK, I WAS FOR
PUTTING YOU IN JAIL - NOW
I'M OFFERING YOU
THE JOB OF
FOREMAN
OF BAR 2 W



AND YOU'D BETTER
OFFER TO BUY
HIM A NEW BLACK
SHIRT, ALSO, I
WARNER!



THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON

by
Tom Hickey.



BRUCE NELSON WAS FORCED TO STAND AND WITNESS THE MURDER OF THE CHINESE SENTRY WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. HE WAS HORRIFIED, BUT QUICKLY REGAINED HIS COMPOSURE. HE PLACED THE PLAQUE CONTAINING THE JADE DRAGON AGAINST THE WALL AND HURRIED INTO THE HALLWAY.

I'VE GOT TO GET THIS BODY OUT OF THE WAY. IF THEY FIND IT THEY'LL SEARCH THE HOUSE FOR THE KILLER AND IF THEY DO THAT IT'S A CINCH I'LL BE DETECTED.



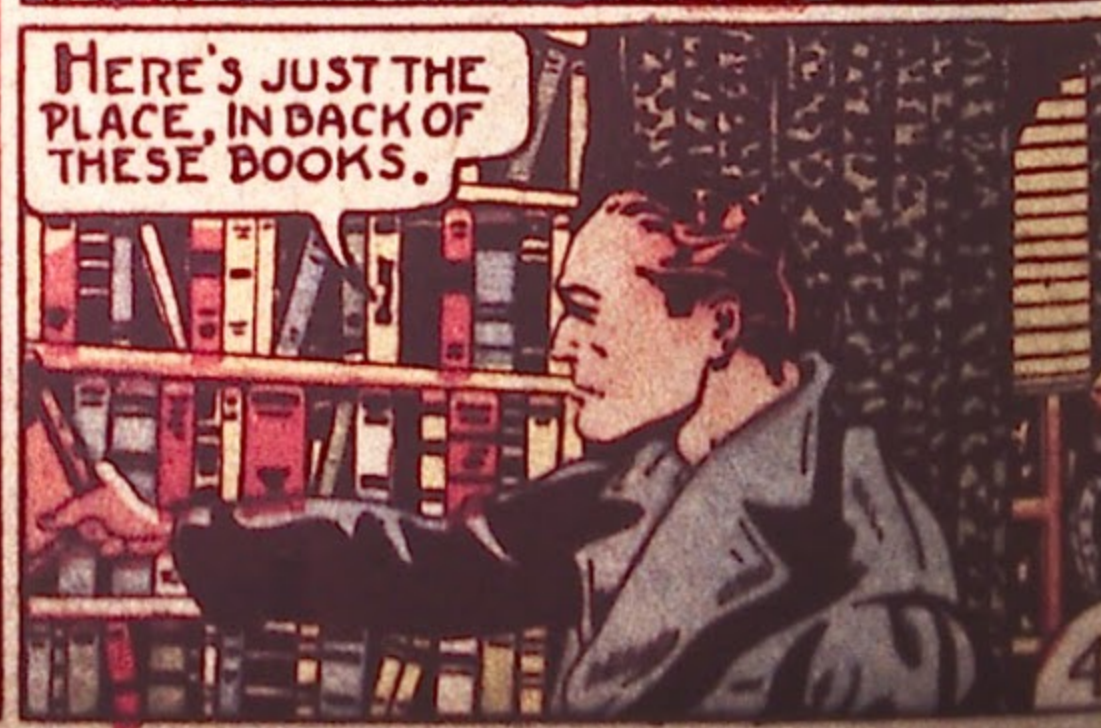
I'LL PUT HIM BEHIND THIS SCREEN IN THE LIBRARY.



NOW TO FIND A PLACE TO HIDE THIS RED JADE DRAGON PLAQUE UNTIL LATER.



HERE'S JUST THE PLACE, IN BACK OF THESE BOOKS.



JUST AS HE WAS REPLACING THE BOOKS HE HEARD VOICES ON THE STAIRS AGAIN.

THIS SCREEN SURE HAS BEEN A LIFE SAVER.



5

A CHILL RAN DOWN NELSON'S SPINE AS HE CROUCHED BEHIND THE SCREEN FOR THE MURDERED CHINA-MAN WAS PROPPED AGAINST THE WALL BESIDE HIM.



6

THE TRIO STOPPED OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE LIBRARY AND JABBED IN CHINESE.

天
天

天
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天
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7

THEN ONE WENT ON DOWN THE HALL AND THE OTHER TWO TURNED INTO THE LIBRARY AND MADE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE SAFE.

COME! STUCCHI, NOW I WILL SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT MAKE YOUR EYES GO PLOP!

I'M LOOKIN'.



8

GOOD NIGHT! THEY'RE GOING TO THE SAFE. WHEN THEY FIND THE JADE GONE THINGS WILL POP.— I WONDER IF I COULD SLIDE OUT OF THIS ROOM WITHOUT BEING SEEN.



9

SCARCELY DARING TO BREATHE, NELSON SLID QUIETLY FROM BEHIND THE SCREEN AND STARTED FOR THE DOORWAY.



10

HE REACHED THE DOORWAY AND GLANCED QUICKLY BACK TO SEE IF HE HAD BEEN DETECTED. THE TALL CHINESE WAS ABOUT TO OPEN THE SAFE.

OH-OH! FEET,
DO YOUR STUFF.

11

ONE DIRECTION'S AS GOOD AS
ANOTHER I GUESS. I'LL HEAD FOR
THE REAR OF THE HOUSE.

12

呖呖! THE JADE! IS GONE!

WHAT!

13

THE THIEF MAY BE STILL IN HOUSE.
HE MUST NOT ESCAPE! SOUND ALARM!

14

A GONG SOMEWHERE IN THE HUGE HOUSE
STARTED TO RING FURIOUSLY.

THERE GOES THE ALARM. SOMETHING
TELLS ME MY LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A PLUGGED
NICKEL IN A MINUTE OR TWO.

15

HE HURRIED DOWN THE CORRIDOR THAT LED TO
THE KITCHEN, REACHING A CROSS HALL JUST AS
THE DOOR AT THE FARTHER END OPENED.

16

HE DUCKED INTO THIS AS SEVERAL CHINESE, THEIR POWERFUL FIGURES SHOWING IN STRONG RELIEF AGAINST THE LIGHTS IN THE KITCHEN CAME HURRYING ALONG THE CORRIDOR.



17

NELSON PRESSED HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL OF THE CROSS CORRIDOR AND HELD HIS BREATH.

IF THEY TURN DOWN THIS WAY I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THEM A DOSE OF LEAD.



18

BUT LUCKILY THEY RUSHED ON DOWN THE HALL, LOOKING NEITHER TO RIGHT OR LEFT.



19

LUCK WAS WITH HIM. THE HALLWAY LED TO A SERVANTS' STAIRCASE UP WHICH HE HURRIED.



20

HE HAD ALMOST REACHED THE TOP WHEN HE PAUSED TO LISTEN TO THE COMMOTION BELOW. THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS IN A TURMOIL.

HOWL YOU RATS, HOWL! IT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS.



21

CAUTIOUSLY HE OPENED THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT.



22

THE ONLY ONE IN SIGHT WAS A CHINESE WHO WAS LEANING OVER THE BALUSTRADE AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL, PEERING DOWN AT THE EXCITEMENT BELOW!



23

NELSON, OLD BOY. I THINK YOU'RE GETTING WARM! THAT FELLOW HAS A RING OF KEYS WHICH MUST MEAN HE IS GUARDING THIS HALL AND SIGRID AND HER FATHER ARE LOCKED IN ONE OF THESE ROOMS. I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE KEYS.



24

THE GUARD'S BACK WAS TOWARDS THE REAR OF THE HOUSE AND NELSON CREPT ALONG THE HALL TOWARDS HIM.



25

NELSON WAS ALMOST ON HIM WHEN SOME SLIGHT NOISE OR INSTINCT MADE HIM TURN.



26

HE SWUNG THE BUTT OF HIS PISTOL, BUT IT ONLY STRUCK THE AGILE CHINESE A GLANCING BLOW.



27

HE WAS A POWERFULLY BUILT FELLOW. HE RUSHED NELSON AND SET HIM BACK ON HIS HEELS.



28

HE RECOVERED AND CRASHED OVER A RIGHT HIGH ON THE YELLOW MAN'S CHEEK BONE.



29

BUT THE CHINESE WAS TOUGH. HE DIDN'T GO DOWN. HE STAGGERED BACK AND DAZEDLY GROPED FOR HIS GUN.



30

BUT BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO DRAW NELSON STEPPED IN AND CLIPPED HIM ON THE JAW. THIS TIME THE CHINESE WENT DOWN WITH A THUD, COMPLETELY OUT.



31

WHEW! THAT FELLOW HAS ONE HARD JAW!



32

WELL! HERE ARE THE KEYS. NOW TO FIND THE RIGHT DOOR. I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST. THOSE WOLVES WILL BE UP SEARCHING THIS FLOOR BEFORE LONG.



33

HE WENT FIRST TO THE DOOR NEAREST THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS. IT WAS UNLOCKED.



34

A VACANT BED ROOM, NOTHING DOING HERE.

HE TRIED TWO OTHER DOORS WITH SIMILAR RESULTS. BUT, THE FOURTH DOOR WAS LOCKED.

LOCKED! THIS MUST BE THE ROOM.



35

THIS IS A MESS OF KEYS. THE RIGHT ONE WILL PROBABLY BE THE LAST ONE I TRY.



36

THE FIFTH KEY HE TRIED FITTED. HE HEARD THE LOCK CLICK. AT THIS MOMENT HE HEARD THE CLAMOR DOWN STAIRS INCREASE. THEN HE HEARD THEM MOUNTING THE BROAD STAIRCASE. HE FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR.



37

HE SWITCHED ON THE LIGHT AND THERE, STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, A DRESSING GOWN CLUTCHED ABOUT HER, HER FACE PALE WITH FRIGHT, STOOD SIGRID VON HOLTZENDORFF.



38

FOR A SECOND THEY FACED EACH OTHER. IN THAT SECOND HER TERROR-STRICKEN LOOK CHANGED TO ONE OF DAWNING RECOGNITION.

SIGRID! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THANK HEAVENS! A FRIEND!



39



40

SUDDENLY NELSON REMEMBERED THAT THE CHINESE HE HAD KNOCKED OUT WAS STILL LYING IN THE HALL AND THE OTHERS WERE COMING UP THE STAIRS. IF THEY FOUND HIM IT WOULD BE A DEAD GIVE AWAY THAT NELSON WAS ON THAT FLOOR.

I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY WITH A FRIEND OF OURS.

41

AS HE REACHED THE STILL UNCONSCIOUS FORM, THE GROUP OF CHINESE WERE ALMOST TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. LUCKILY NOT YET IN SIGHT OF NELSON.

42

I'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF SIGHT BROTHER. YOU'RE BAD NEWS TO ME.

43

44

WH—WHAT?

SH-H-H!

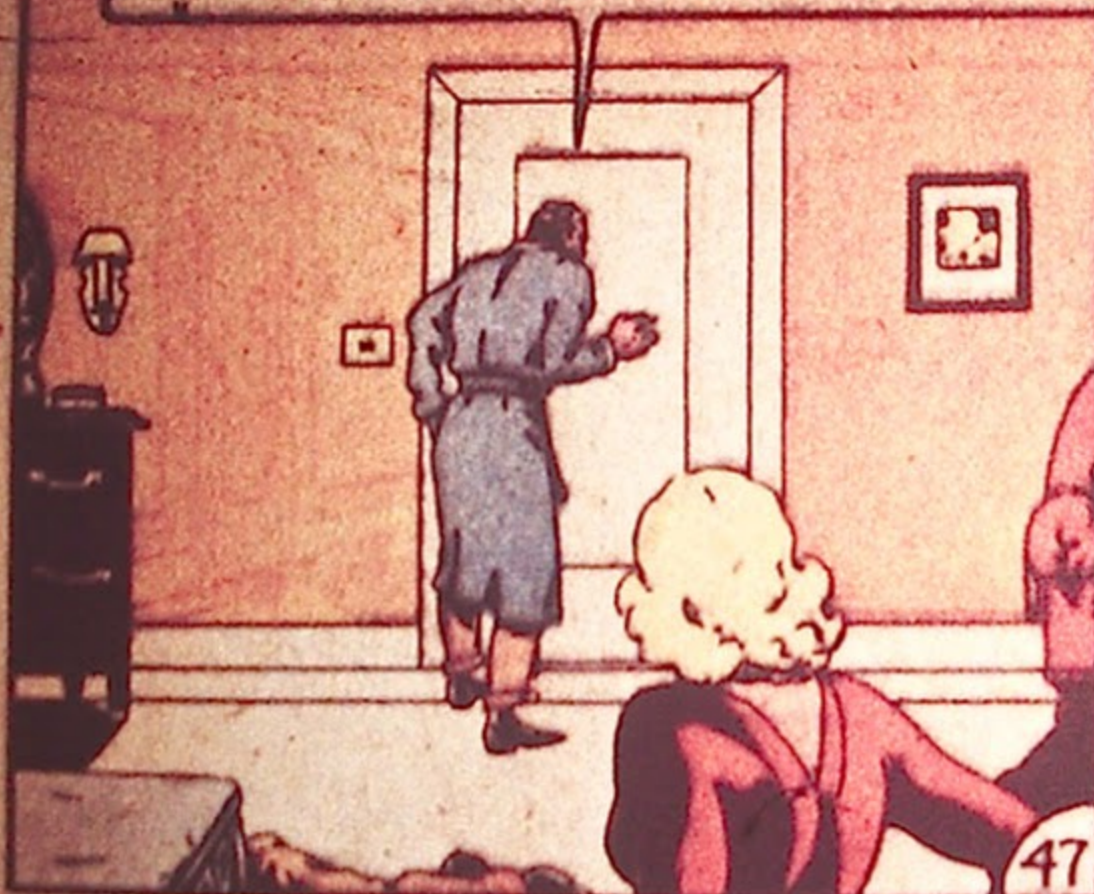
45

HE DUMPED THE CHINESE ON THE FLOOR AND LOCKED THE DOOR JUST AS THE SEARCHING PARTY REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE.

46

SHH! - THEY'RE ON THIS FLOOR NOW. I BELIEVE THEY'RE SEARCHING THE OTHER ROOMS.



47

THIS FELLOW IS BEGINNING TO COME AROUND. I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.



48

LET'S SEE! I WANT SOMETHING TO TIE HIS HANDS WITH. AH! THE BELT ON THAT COAT WILL DO NICELY.



49

NOW, - OPEN YOUR MOUTH WIDE AND SAY, - AHH!



50

NOW FOR SOMETHING TO HOLD THE GAG IN. GOT ANY IDEAS?

YES. I'VE GOT JUST THE THING



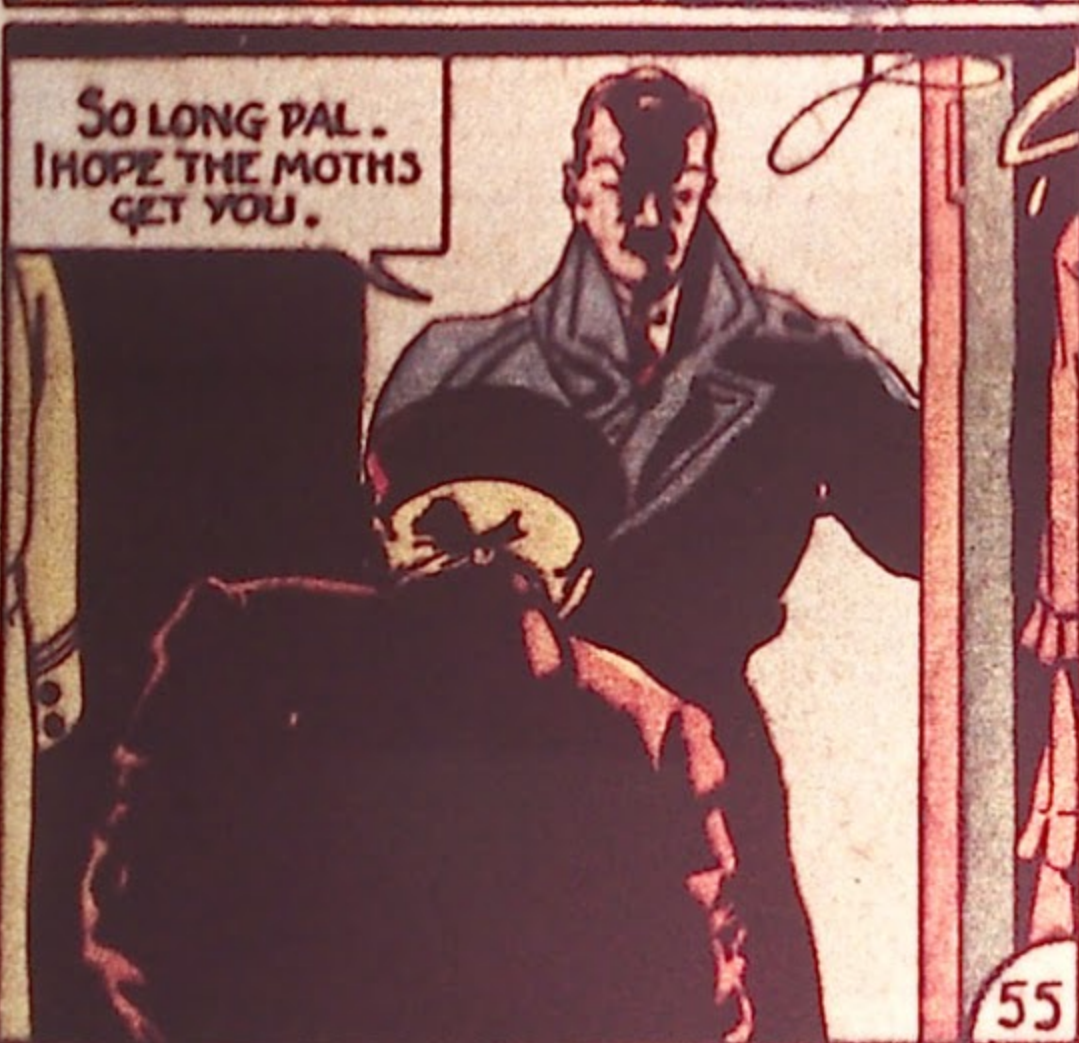
51

HOW ABOUT THIS CORD ON MY DRESSING GOWN?

GOOD GIRL!



52



HOW CAN I OPEN THE DOOR WHEN IT'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND I HAVE NO KEY?



A CONFUSED BABBLE IN CHINESE BROKE FORTH FROM THE GROUP.

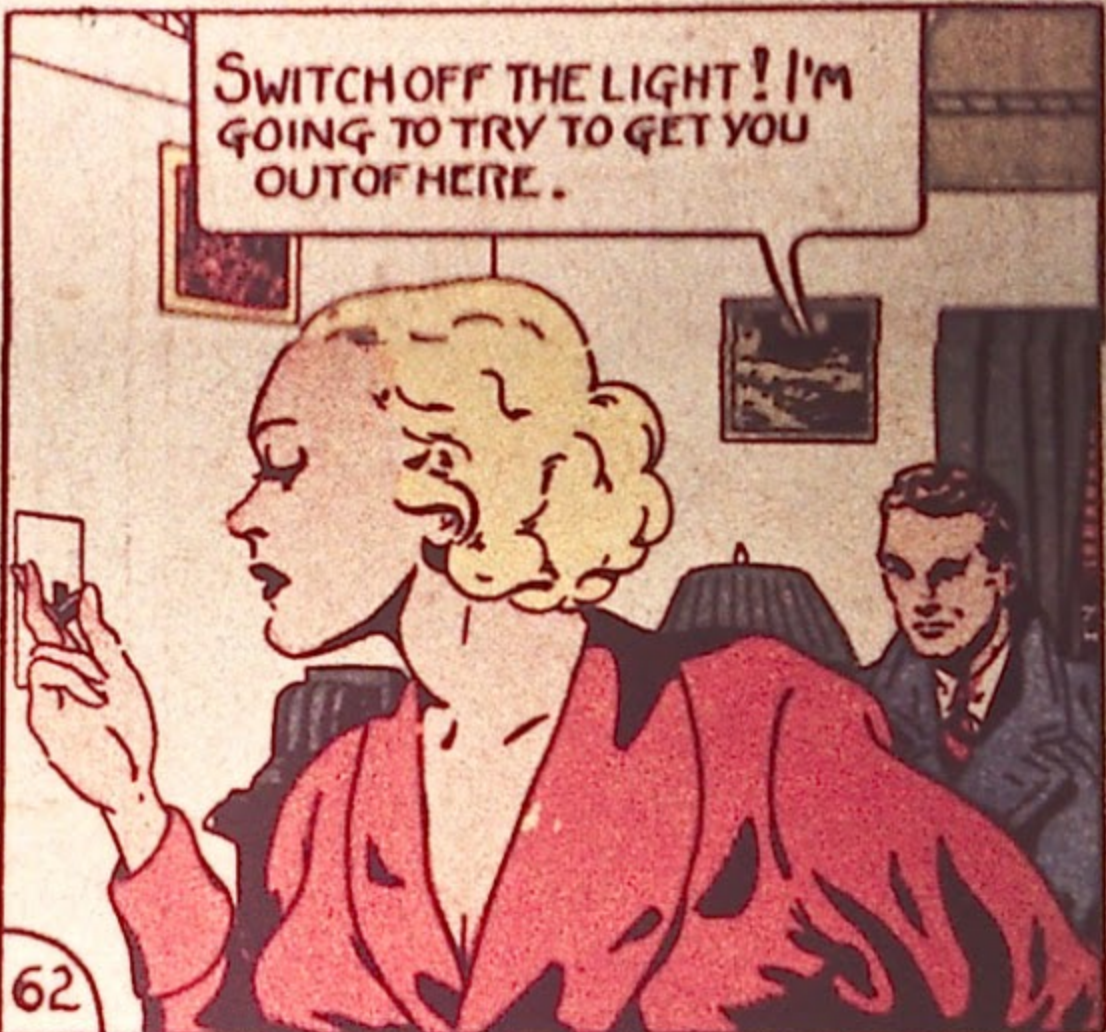


FINALLY THEY SEEMED TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT. STUCCHI SPOKE.

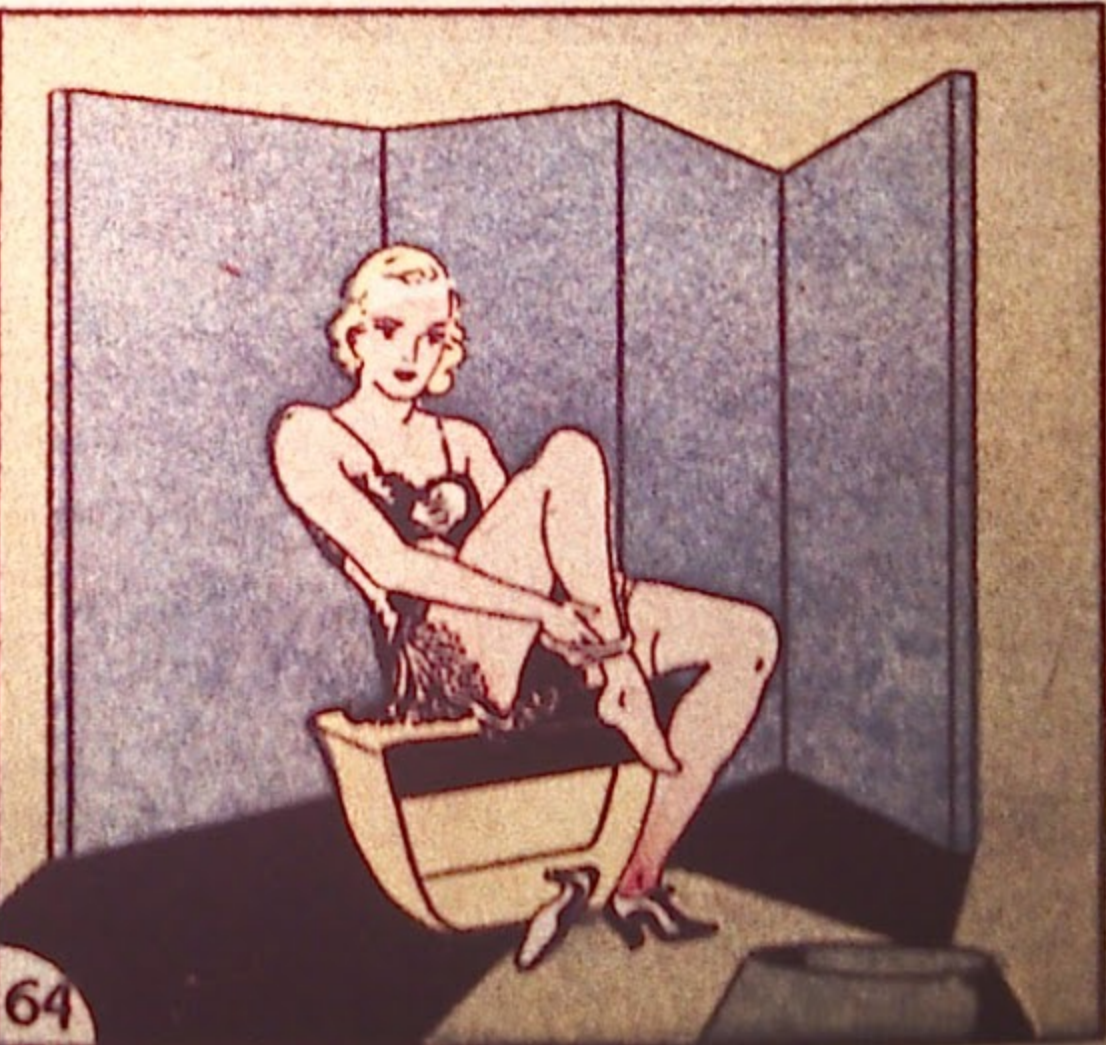
THERE'S NO SENSE IN BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR. THE GUARD HAS THE KEYS. LET'S FIND HIM.



SWITCH OFF THE LIGHT! I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.



WE CAN'T GET OUT HERE. IT'S TOO HIGH ABOVE GROUND.



FROM HIS POST BY THE WINDOW NELSON COULD HEAR A CAREFUL SEARCH BEING MADE OF THE GROUNDS.



IN A REMARKABLY SHORT SPACE OF TIME, FOR A WOMAN, SIGRID STOOD BEFORE HIM, DRESSED.



I'LL PEEK OUT AND SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR.



O.K. FOLLOW ME AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND.



AS HE STARTED DOWN THE HALL HE LOOKED BACK AND SAW THAT SHE WAS NOT FOLLOWING.



HURRY! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RETURN.

MY FATHER!



THE HICKEY
CONTINUED...



ILLUSTRATED

BY

CREIG

FLESSEL



WINGED DEATH

by Fredric Wells

Death rode the airways, and Midland Transport was on the brink of disaster until Terry Rutledge, ace investigator for the U. S. Department of Commerce, set a daring snare for a mad murderer.

THE big tri-motored transport plane cut the top branches off the trees like a gigantic knife blade, but the lower, heavier branches crumpled the wings as though they were made of tissue paper. With a terrific roar the fuselage crashed to the ground and burst into flames. Eleven lives were snuffed out in the awful funeral-pyre.

.....
Terry Rutledge, ace investigator of the United States Department of Commerce, stood before the desk of the Chief in the nation's Capital. "It's not just bad luck or careless management," he was saying earnestly. "The Midland Transport people have always had a particularly good record for safe flying."

"True," admitted the Chief, "but how can you account for five crashes—with a loss of forty-two lives—in the short period of three months?"

"Sabotage," said Terry. "It's my opinion that somebody is deliberately wrecking the planes of the Midland Transport Company!"

The Chief shrugged. "It doesn't seem sensible to believe anything like that, but you know I've always had the utmost confidence in you, and your ideas, Rutledge—and with good cause."

"Thank you, sir," said Terry.

"So," the Chief went on, "I'm going to give you a free hand in the matter. Go on out there and see if there's any grounds for your suspicions. Good luck, and take care of yourself!"

The two men shook hands and Terry made his exit.

LESS than a day later Terry Rutledge sat in the operations office of the Midland Transport Company. Across the desk from him were a man and a girl, startling alike as to feature, although the girl was at least eight years the man's junior.

At this moment the strongly handsome faces of the two were somewhat haggard and worried, and not without reason, for forty-two deaths do not sit easily on the consciences of those who feel that they may in some way be responsible for those deaths.

Terry felt very sorry indeed for Charles and Virginia Hilton. Brother and sister, they were one of the best-known pairs in aviation. By sheer hard work and enthusiasm, and with

very little capital, they had built up one of the most progressive air transport lines in the country—and, until recently, one of the safest. Now they saw hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of planes destroyed, many lives lost, and the prospect of their entire business going to pieces before their eyes. Certainly not a situation that figured to make them sleep easily, thought Terry.

Charles Hilton said: "It does seem utterly fantastic, Mr. Rutledge, but I'm sure you must be right. We simply couldn't have so much tough luck, and Ginny and I have always been extremely careful about inspection of planes and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact we've rather leaned over backwards at times to be sure of being on the safe side; we sometimes keep our planes on the ground in weather that other lines consider safe for flying." He shuddered. "Now, every time a ship takes off, I have the blind jitters until she sets down at her destination!"

"It's really terrible," the girl broke in. "Fewer and fewer passengers are flying Midland, and I can't say that I blame them. And it's even beginning to get difficult to get pilots, even though they're hard fellows to scare, as a rule. The sum and substance of the whole matter is that our accident ratio is much too high!"

"Well, your worries about pilots are a little less than they were a few minutes ago, at any rate," smiled Terry, "because I'll be very happy to go to work for Midland if you have a job you can let me have!"

"We certainly appreciate your help," Charles Hilton said, "but I can't see why you should put yourself right into the midst of this danger."

Terry said, simply, "Putting myself into danger is just part of my job, and we've got to get to the bottom of this thing!"

HILTON took Terry out on the field and introduced him to the other pilots. They were a fine-looking bunch of men, alert, courageous and resourceful, but Terry could sense a tension running through them all like a current of electricity. Everybody in the Midland outfit, from Virginia and her brother right on down the line to the lowliest grease-monkey in the hangars, knew that Death was stalking them.

As was always his custom with a new pilot, Charles Hilton had arranged to make the first flight with Terry. They were taking the night hop from the home base, Salt Lake City, to Los Angeles. As Terry and Hilton climbed into the big bi-motored craft there were only two passengers aboard, though the plane had accommodations for ten.

With the door of the control chamber shut behind them, Hilton said: "Two passengers! We're losing money every time the prop turns over, but we've got to keep flying on schedule if it's the last thing we do!"

Terry nodded grimly and swung the plane around onto the runway. Then he gave it the gun and the graceful, silvery ship roared down the concrete strip, bathed in the calcium glare of the great floodlights.

When he had attained enough ground speed Terry shifted the controls to nose the craft into the air. But she did not rise! Instead the plane continued to rush headlong down the runway, gaining momentum every foot of the way.

Frantically Terry tugged back on the stick. Ahead of them stretched a tight row of telegraph poles and high-tension wires; if they crashed into those obstacles only a miracle could save their lives. He cut the throttle and the ship began to slow almost imperceptibly; they had gained too much speed to be able to stop in time.

Good flyer that he was, Hilton did not attempt to help Terry with the controls. He simply sat tensely awaiting the outcome, but to himself he gritted, almost as though he were trying to give the thought-message to Terry: "Left rudder! Left rudder!"

That was the only alternative, and Terry took it.

The plane swerved drunkenly; the left wingtip scratched along the concrete, trailing a brilliant shower of sparks. Then the ship nosed over in a ground loop. Terry reached over and cut the ignition. Then everything went black.

WHEN he came to he was flat on his back in a white enamel bed. Slowly his eyes focused on two anxious figures at his bedside, Charles and Virginia Hilton.

The first thing Terry said was: "The passengers?"

"They're all right," said Hilton. "Shaken up a bit, that's all."

"And how am I?" grinned Terry.

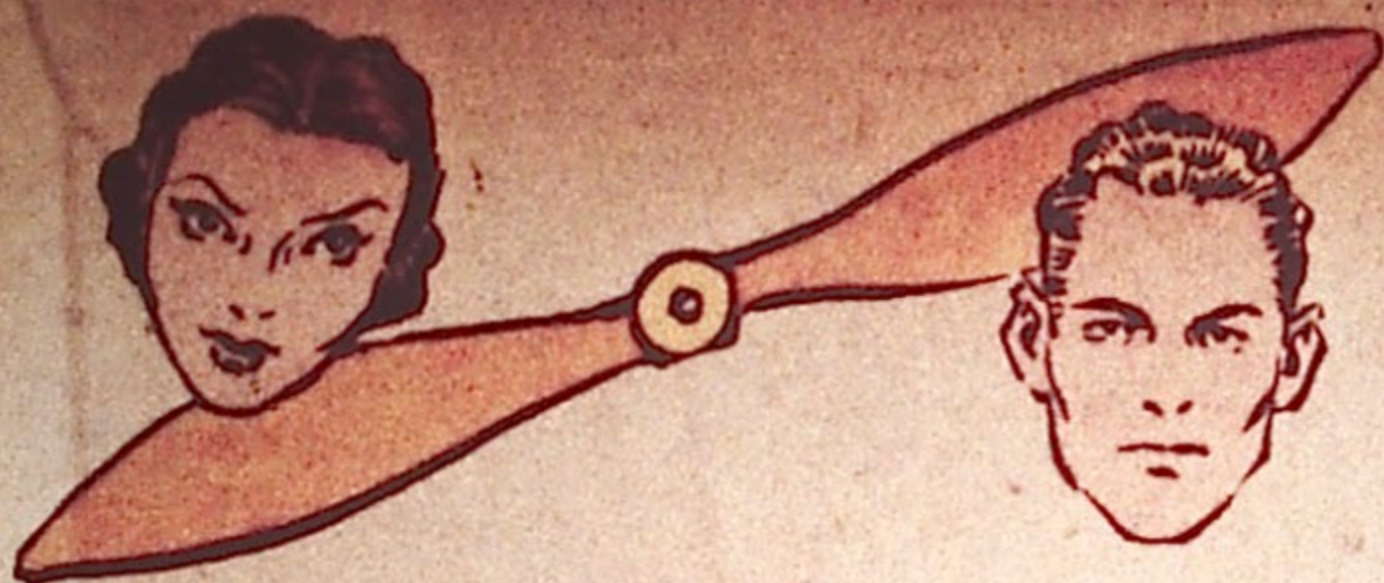
Virginia Hilton smiled down at him. "You're probably okay by now," she said, "but you've had a brain concussion. A couple more days in the hospital will fix you up."

"A couple more days my eye!" exclaimed Terry. "I don't know how long I've been in this place, but however long it is it's too long! If you'll chase out of here, Miss Hilton, and tell somebody to bring me my clothes, we'll get started. Somebody tried to make corpses out of your brother and me, and I don't like that!"

Terry triumphed over all protestations, and a few minutes later Virginia was driving them toward the airport in her speedy little roadster.

On the way, Hilton said: "Our experience of night before last proves absolutely that somebody is definitely tampering with the planes, Rutledge, though I can't imagine who it could be or how it could be accomplished. Naturally every plane is examined before it's wheeled out for a flight."





The little man turned almost white. "No, no!" he cried. "What're you tryin' to pin onto me?"

TERRY called over his shoulder to two uniformed policemen. "Put this bird in a cage until I get back from this flight," he directed. "I want to have a longer talk with him later!"

Shouting and protesting the man was led away.

Terry ran out onto the field and told the story to Charles Hilton and his sister.

"Maybe that settles the whole thing," Charles said.

"I hope so!" Virginia added fervently.

"Well, we'd better go thoroughly over the plane again before we take off, and then perhaps Midland can again fly regularly on schedule without any more accidents," Terry said.

His training in the Department of Commerce stood Terry in good stead now. He inspected the plane thoroughly from tip to tail, checked instruments, tested control wires and mechanism. Every bolt, every cotter pin, every inch of ignition wire came under his practiced eye.

Charles Hilton meanwhile checked the fuel.

"Plenty of gas and plenty of oil," he reported to Terry.

"Okay," Terry said. "Then everything's apparently as it should be. Let's go!"

The "passengers" climbed into the cabin, and Virginia insisted upon taking the place of the one man who had been unwilling to go. She sat back in the passenger cabin, while Terry and Charles occupied the control room.

The motors again roared into action, and after they had had sufficient warming up Terry lifted the big ship into the air easily and gracefully.

Hilton grinned at him. "Nothing the matter with this old bus this time!" he exulted.

"Seems not!" Terry grinned back.

The country skimmed away beneath them as the ship gained speed and altitude. Fleecy clouds dotted the opalescent heavens and bright sunshine dazzled on the silvery wings of the big plane. A brisk tail wind pushed them along toward the dim peaks of the Rockies in the distance. Altogether it was a perfect day for flying, the sort of day that makes a pilot feel that all the tough hours of pushing through darkness, storm and sleet have been very much worth while if they have made it possible for him to be in a game which offered the sheer joy and exhilaration of riding the clouds in such perfect weather as this.

Presently the jagged peaks of the mountains were directly beneath them, the graveyard of many a proud ship. But with the motors pulsing with power Death seemed very remote on this enchanted day.

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"Still," mused Terry, "it would be possible for one of your employees to do some sort of dirty work between the time of an examination and the time the plane takes off."

"I suppose that's the only explanation," agreed Hilton. "The ship that we crashed had a wedge stuck in the aileron controls; I suppose the culprit figured that we'd crash into those high-tension wires and burn the plane and the evidence as well as ourselves. Incidentally, you did a pretty swell job to get any of us out of it alive."

"Thanks," said Terry. "Most of it was luck."

"Luck nothing!" protested Virginia. "I guess Charles and I know a good flier when we see one!"

Terry modestly ignored the compliment, though it was indeed well-grounded. It was no secret that Terry Rutledge was one of the country's foremost fliers, though he was still young in years.

"I think I have an idea that might point out our man to us," he said.

"It's a very simple idea, and a pretty goofy one, but it might turn the trick. In the meantime, as representative of the Department of Commerce, I'll have to ask you to stop carrying passengers, though we don't have to let the public know that that's the case. Whenever there's a request for a reservation simply say that the plane's full."

"But it'll be quite evident that the planes aren't full," Virginia said.

"That's just where my plan comes in," Terry pointed out. "Just before takeoff time we'll put aboard a group of passengers who in reality will be employees picked at random at the very last minute. That way we might possibly get the tamperer aboard one of the very planes he's tampered with, and it's a cinch he won't let himself get killed in a crash; he'll show his guilt by refusing to take off in the plane."

"The last part of your idea's right enough," Hilton said, "but the very moment the tamperer realizes what the plan is he'll stop trying to do his dirty work."

"We can only hope, then," Virginia put in, "that we'll be lucky enough to get our man the first time we pick a group."

Terry shook his head doubtfully. "The odds are 'way against it," he admitted, "but I don't see that we have any choice except to gamble."

ONE of the regular transports was being wheeled out of the hangar for its scheduled flight. Placed in position on the line, the twin motors coughed into vibrant life under the skilled hands of Charles Hilton, who had again decided to fly one of his own planes.

Then Terry Rutledge, by pre-arrangement with Charles and Virginia, took command of the field. Quickly he herded every employee of the company into one of the vacant hangars. Pilots, mechanics, testers, watchmen stood about uncertainly, bewildered.

Terry addressed them. "Ten of you are going on a little flight with us. I don't particularly care which ten, so I'll just pick you like numbers out of a hat. You, over there, with the greasy nose, you're passenger number one. And you, McCulloch, get out of those overalls; you're number two."

Thus Terry picked his passengers. He avoided the pilots, because he felt that of all those in the employ of the Midland Transport Company, the man they wanted was most unlikely to be among the fliers themselves.

Carefully, scrutinizing each face carefully for signs of nervousness, he picked nine passengers. Then he spoke to the tenth.

"You, whatever your name is, you can come along, too!"

Number ten, a small shifty-eyed man, shook his head almost in terror.

"Not me!" he chattered. "You're not going to get me up in no airplane!"

Terry's eyes widened in simulated surprise. "Why not?" he asked innocently.

"I don't like airplanes!" the little man shouted. "Not to go up in, anyway. I like to work on 'em and tinker around with 'em and watch 'em fly, but I don't want to go up in 'em!"

Terry's patience began to desert him. He grasped the man firmly by the collar and thrust his face at him.

"There couldn't be any other reason, could there?" he grated.

The other man squirmed in his grasp. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about!" Terry bit off the words between clenched teeth. "I suppose it isn't possible that you know something's going to happen to that plane, and don't want to be on it when that something happens?"



BACK in the passenger compartment a mechanic named Blagg got unsteadily out of his seat. Virginia Hilton, sitting opposite him, raised her eyes questioningly.

Blagg grinned down at her sheepishly. "Not so good," he said. "I'm afraid I'm a little bit airsick."

"Better move up to the control cabin," the girl said. "There's always less sense of motion there."

Blagg nodded and staggered forward. He tapped on the door which connected the two chambers, and Hilton reached back to lift the catch which would admit him. The mechanic entered, and Charles Hilton nudged Terry understandingly.

Casually Terry said: "Throw the switch onto the other gas tank, will you, Hilton?"

As Charles reached over to comply, the crisp, quiet voice of Blagg said: "I wouldn't do that if I were you!"

The two pilots turned to look at the man, and gazed into the ugly snout of an automatic.

Blagg reached over Terry's shoulder and ruined the radio apparatus with one deft sweep of his hand.

"So you're the fellow we were after!" said Terry, his voice edged with a note of admiration. "I must say you're a cool one!"

"Thanks," said Blagg. "In my business you have to be!"

"Would you mind telling us what this is all about?" asked Hilton.

Blagg said: "Not a bit, since you'll all be dead in a very few minutes. I'm the man who's caused you all your trouble. I'll admit that. Not that I have anything against any of you personally; I simply work for a living, and I've been well paid by a small, select group of men who would like to buy Midland at a very low price. You've held out pretty well, but I imagine the deaths of the owners of the company and an inspector of the Department of Commerce will put Midland on the market at a bargain!"

"You seem pretty certain that we're all going to die," Terry said. "Doesn't it mean anything to you that you'll die with us?"

"Ah, but I won't!" smiled Blagg. "You have two parachutes aboard. One of those will carry me to the ground; the other, unfortunately, must make the descent alone. Then, when it becomes necessary for you to switch to your alternate gas tank, a high explosive which I have mixed with the gas will blow the plane to fragments. And of course if you attempt to land in the mountains—an impossible feat—the results will be the same. So, with a little luck, I will land safely via parachute and be the only survivor of a terrific explosion that will make it impossible to determine what has happened or how many have perished."

TERRY and Charles Hilton realized that they were dealing either with a madman or with a man entirely devoid of any pity or conscience. Their brains raced madly in an effort to find a way out of this terrible situation, but there was no way out.

"We have wasted too much time already," Blagg said. "Kindly hand over the parachutes!" He prodded Hilton in the back with the ugly automatic.

Charles had no alternative. A moment later one of the 'chutes had been thrown overboard, and Blagg was strapping himself into the other, meanwhile keeping the gun trained on the pilots. At last he stood poised in the partly opened door, measuring his weight against the force of the wind from without.

"Adios, gentlemen!" he bowed.

Suddenly Hilton rolled out of his seat and threw himself at the legs of their would-be murderer. Together they crashed to the narrow floor, Blagg's gun slipping from his hand.

"If we go," Hilton grunted, "you're going with us, and I'd rather see my sister in that parachute!"

The wind caught the door and swung it back on its hinges with a crash. Kicking, clawing and struggling, the two men hung precariously on the brink of disaster for a moment, then, before Terry's horrified eyes they slipped over the edge into space.

He watched them tumble through the air, locked in each other's arms, for what seemed an eternity, until at last the 'chute billowed out behind them and brought them up sharply in their mad plunge.

"I hope Hilton can hang on to that fellow!" muttered Terry.

But he could spend no more time, now, in thinking about the fate of Charles. Nine humans were in the plane with him, and it was up to him to try to save their lives. Already they were pounding on the door behind him, wondering what had happened to cause Hilton and Blagg to make a jump with one 'chute.

Terry unlocked the door and explained the situation, briefly and without embellishment. He was gratified to note that Virginia took the entire thing calmly, though her face was serious and pale.

"That girl's a real thoroughbred!" he said to himself.

Aloud he said: "There's no use kidding any of you; there isn't one chance in a million that I can set this ship down safely, but I'm going to do my best. If I do see a spot that might possibly take us, I'd suggest that you loosen your safety-belts the minute the wheels touch the ground, and then try to jump. Now, get back to your seats; we've got to keep the ship balanced!"

Quietly Virginia said: "You'll need a co-pilot," and slid into the seat beside him. The others returned to their places without a word. The bravery of all these people impressed Terry forcibly. After all, he had the controls under his own hands, which was a comfort to him, but all these others were relying on him, and him alone, to snatch them from the yawning jaws of Death.

"I can't let them down!" he said aloud, fiercely.

Quietly, reassuringly, Virginia answered: "You won't let them down!"

Terry scanned the craggy terrain beneath them. It seemed impossible that there could be any level spot there wide enough or long enough to land the ship on. And the gas in the one good tank was running dangerously low.

Then, suddenly, he saw it: a ridiculously small space, to be sure, and not at all level, but yet . . .

Cautiously he nosed the plane downward for a closer look. Yes, it was just possible that he could make it. That tiny piece of open ground was littered with rocks, large and small, but it looked as good as Newark Airport to Terry at that moment!

HE swung around once more in a wide spiral, and throttled the ship down to the lowest speed that would hold them in the air, then, yelling: "Here we go!" he pancaked down until the wheels touched the ground.

The passengers, following his orders, began to jump, though the plane was still doing better than thirty miles an hour. They sprawled grotesquely on the ground, stunned and shaken.

Terry yelled to Virginia: "Jump! Jump!" but not until the others were out would she obey his commands. Then she leaped, free, with Terry right behind her.

With nobody at the controls, the plane rushed crazily on to its doom, bouncing and swaying. A scant hundred feet from where Terry and Virginia landed, the ship crashed into the canyon wall.

There was a terrific explosion that shook the ground like jelly, and the ship disintegrated into a million fragments. Dust, dirt and smoke bellowed into the air like a giant geyser, then settled, leaving almost nothing of what had once been a proud and beautiful craft.

His head ringing, Terry helped Virginia to her feet.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. "No. Just a bit groggy." She passed a hand across her grimy face. "But Charles . . . I wonder if Charles is . . ."

As if in answer to her unfinished question, a scratched figure, its clothes all but ripped from its body, limped around the edge of a tower of rock.

"Yes, I'm all right," the figure said. "Charles!" cried the girl, and threw herself at him.

A quick checkup showed that nobody had been seriously injured, though all had been severely shaken by the contact with the rocky ground.

"And Blagg?" asked Terry. "Is he . . ."

"Dead," nodded Charles. "The luck he was talking about didn't hold out. After we hit the ground he couldn't get free of the chute, and it dragged him over the edge of a precipice. The wind dashed him to pieces against the wall."

"Horrible," said Terry, "but no more than he deserved! At any rate, the Midland Transport Company will be able to operate without any more trouble."

Hilton grasped his hand. "Thanks to you!" he said, "and if I can talk the Department of Commerce into giving up one of its best men I'd like to have that man come into Midland as a partner; that is, if the idea is agreeable to my sister."

Virginia smiled her answer to that, but Terry shook his head.

"A family business is a family business," he said, "and it's no place for anybody but members of the family."

Proudly Virginia looked him straight in the eye. "If you had any imagination," she declared, "you'd be able to figure out some way to get around that objection!"

Terry's eyes glistened as he took her hands. He said: "I think I see what you mean, young woman, so if neither you nor your brother have any objections, I'll be coming a-courting as soon as we get out of the mountains!"

"Let's get going, then," suggested Virginia. "It's a long walk!"

THE END

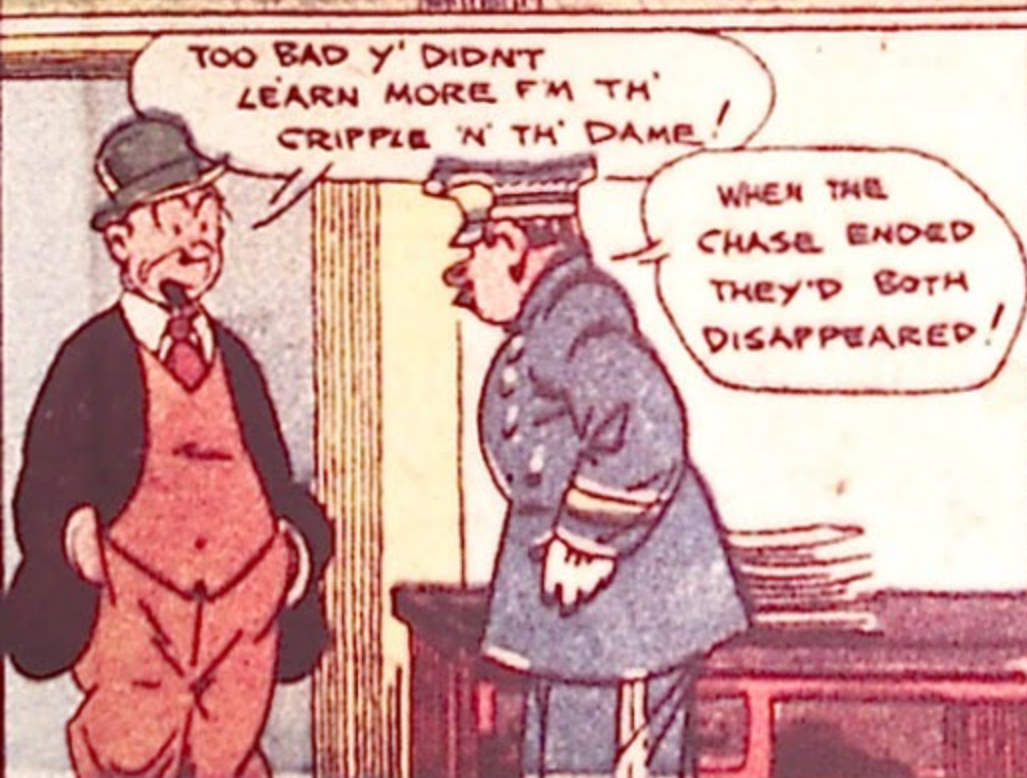


THE ELM PARK MYSTERY

BY ALGER

HOW
PEACEFUL!









SPY!

JEROME
SIEGEL and
JOE SHUSTER

AN UNEXPECTED CALL FROM
THE BUREAU'S LABORATORY
SENDS BART REGAN AND THE
U.S. SPY CHIEF HURRYING
TO LEARN THE SECRET OF
THE BRONZE FIGURE

BUT BART IS HALTED IN THE HALL BY
SALLY NORRIS

BART! TELL ME!
DO YOU LOVE ME?
ARE WE STILL EN-
GAGED? WHEN--

PLEASE, SALLY!
WAIT HERE! I'LL BE
BACK SOON AND THEN
YOU CAN CROSS-EX-
AMINE ME TO YOUR
HEART'S CONTENT!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER... WITHIN
THE LABORATORY...

WE'VE FOUND THE KEY
TO THE CODE THE
ENEMY SPIES HAVE
BEEN USING, CONCEALED
AMONG THE HIERO-
GLYPHICS ON THIS
FIGURE!

GREAT!
THAT MEANS
WE CAN DECIPHER
THOSE CODE MES-
SAGES WE INTER-
CEPTED!



SHORTLY AFTER THE MESSAGES ARE
DECODED, BART IS SWIFTLY DISPATCHED
IN A CAB TO THE NEAREST AIRPORT
ON AN URGENT MISSION

GOSH! I JUST RE-
MEMBERED! SALLY'S
STILL WAITING AND I
KNOW SHE'LL THINK
I DELIBERATELY
SKIPPED OUT
ON HER!



BUT A
FEW
SECONDS
AFTER
THE PLANE
ROARS UP
INTO
SPACE...

PARDON ME!
HAVEN'T I SEEN
YOUR FACE BEFORE,
OR SOMETHING?

SALLY!
HOW-- HOW IN
THE DICKENS DID
YOU GET HERE?



WELL, YOU SEE,
I HAD A DATE WITH
A FELLOW AND HE
TRIED TO RUN OUT
ON ME AND I
FOLLOWED HIM
HERE!

YOU'RE NOT A
GIRL! YOU'RE
A BLOODHOUND!



WHAT I WANT
TO KNOW IS: BLOOD-
HOUND OR NOT,
DO YOU LOVE ME?

YOU KNOW I DO!
BUT-- I MAY AS
WELL TELL YOU--
I'M NOW A U.S. SPY
AND MY LIFE IS
NO LONGER MY
OWN



WHEN THE
PLANE'S
DESTINATION,
NEW YORK,
IS
REACHED...

YOU'D BETTER TAKE
THE NEXT PLANE BACK
TO WASHINGTON

-- I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE RIGHT!



BUT THAT
EVENING,
AS SALLY
IS ABOUT TO
LEAVE FOR
WASHINGTON,
SHE GLIMPSES
SOME FAMILIAR
FIGURES
LEAVE A
PLANE

IT'S OLGA!--OLGA BALINOFF
AND THOSE TWO OTHER
SPIES! ... SALLY NORRIS,
HERE'S WHERE YOU SHOW
BART REGAN HE STILL
CAN'T GET ALONG
WITHOUT YOU!



AS SHE SIGNS THE REGISTER SHE MENTALLY NOTES THE NUMBER OF OLGA'S ROOM

ROOM 609! ... WON'T BART BE DELIGHTED WHEN HE LEARNS I'VE CORNERED THOSE SPYS HE'S AFTER!



HAILING A TAXI, SALLY FOLLOWS HER QUARRY TO A HOTEL

SALLY TAKES THE ELEVATOR TO OLGA'S ROOM . . .

THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED BUT THERE'S NO ONE INSIDE! IF I HURRY, I CAN SEARCH THE ROOM BEFORE OLGA RETURNS

607

609



BUT AS SHE ENTERS --

NOT A SQUAWK OUT OF YOU!



SALLY IS FROZEN WITH FEAR. BUT THE NEXT INSTANT SHE GLIMPSES HER CAPTOR'S FACE . . .

OH, IT'S YOU, BART! -- I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE A CAVE-MAN!

SALLY! ARE YOU STILL HAUNTING ME? I THOUGHT YOU WERE SAFELY ON YOUR WAY BACK TO WASHINGTON,



DON'T FOLLOW ME! THOSE SPIES ARE HERE TO ASSASSINATE A VISITING DIPLOMAT AND I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! STAY BACK! YOU'LL GET HURT!

SAVE YOUR BREATH! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY THIS TIME THAT YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME!



RACING INTO THE DIPLOMAT'S ROOM, ONE QUICK GLANCE APPRAISES BART HE HAS NOT COME A MOMENT TOO SOON!

HELP! --
THEY'RE GOING
TO KILL ME!

IT'S REGAN!
GET HIM!

16.

SALLY PUTS IN HER LITTLE BIT

THIS IS SOME-
THING I'VE LOOKED
FORWARD TO!

AN IRATE HOUSE-DETECTIVE MAKES
HIS APPEARANCE...

NOT A MOVE
OUT OF ANY OF
YOU! --ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT, AMBAS-
SADOR?

YES--YES!
YOU CAME
JUST IN
TIME!

SEVERAL
DAYS
LATER...
IN THE
OFFICE OF
U.S. SPY
HEAD-
QUARTERS...

SALLY!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

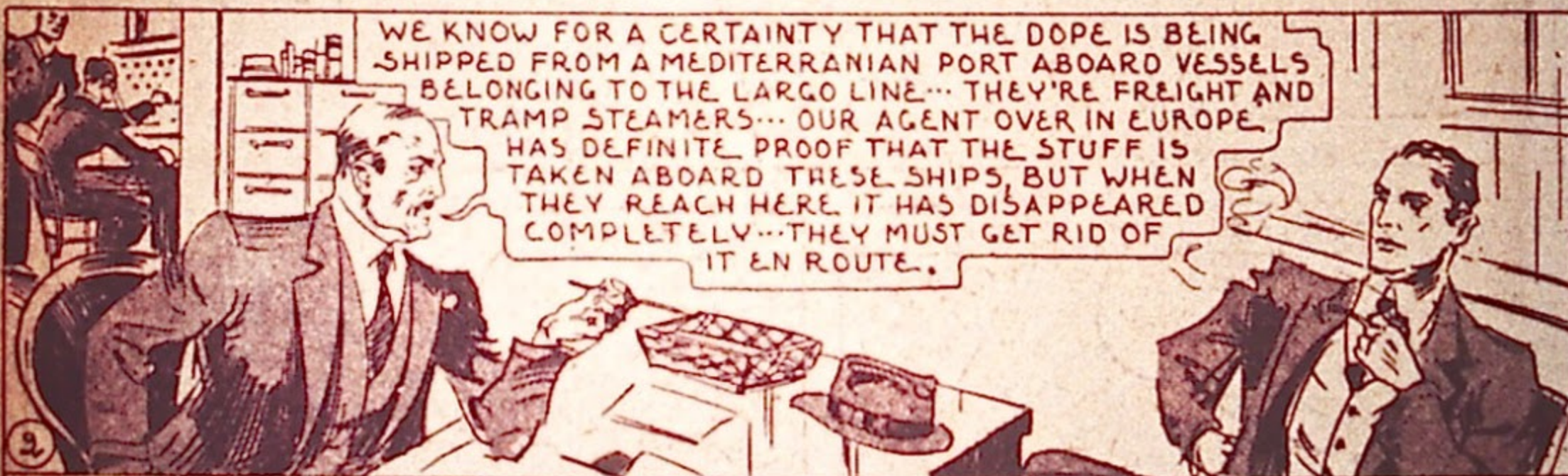
I'VE JUST ACCEPTED THE
YOUNG LADY'S APPLICATION
AS A SPY BECAUSE OF
THE FINE WORK SHE DID
IN HELPING YOU ROUND
UP THOSE ENEMY SPIES
WHO SOUGHT TO EM-
BROIL THE U.S. IN A
FOREIGN WAR!

YOU SEE, BART
-- SINCE YOU
CAN'T MARRY ME
I AT LEAST WANT
TO BE IN A POSITION
WHERE I CAN KEEP
MY EYES ON YOU!

BEGINNING
NEXT
ISSUE!
A SERIES
OF
COMPLETE
ADVENTURES
STARRING
THOSE
TWO
MASTERS
OF INTER-
NATIONAL
INTRIGUE.
SALLY and
BART!

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



WE KNOW FOR A CERTAINTY THAT THE DOPE IS BEING SHIPPED FROM A MEDITERRANIAN PORT ABOARD VESSELS BELONGING TO THE LARGO LINE... THEY'RE FREIGHT AND TRAMP STEAMERS... OUR AGENT OVER IN EUROPE HAS DEFINITE PROOF THAT THE STUFF IS TAKEN ABOARD THESE SHIPS, BUT WHEN THEY REACH HERE IT HAS DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY... THEY MUST GET RID OF IT EN ROUTE.

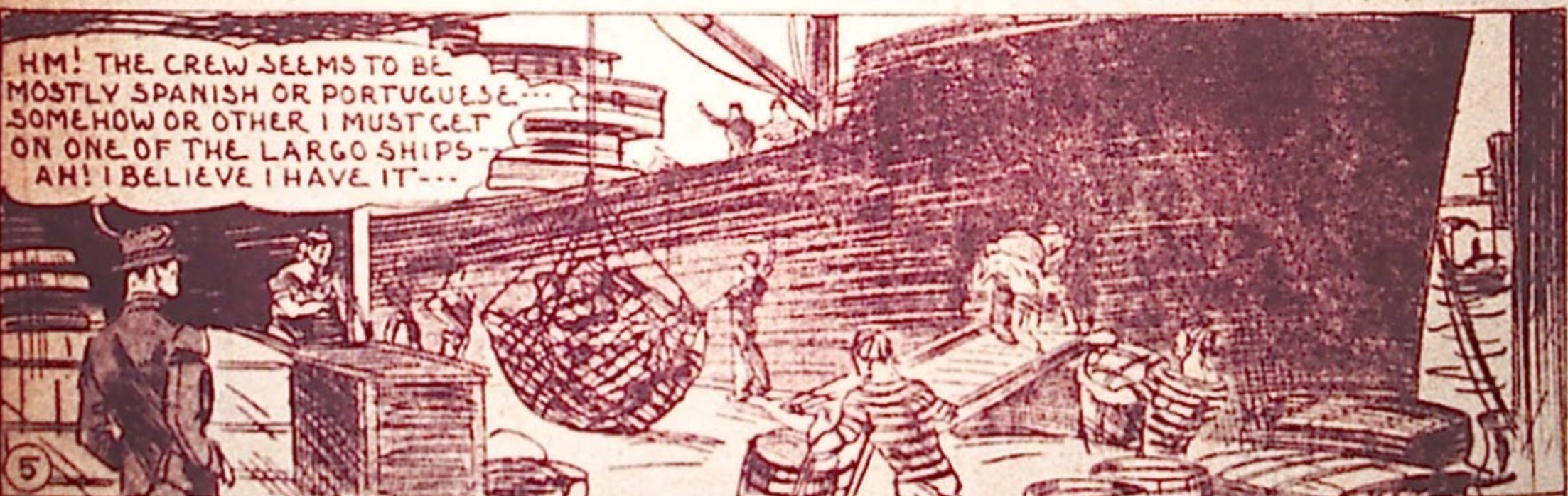
AT HEADQUARTERS OF THE NARCOTICS BUREAU, COMMISSIONER STONE IS TELLING COSMO OF THE STARTLING INCREASE IN DOPE SMUGGLING.



IF YOU'LL TAKE THE CASE, COSMO, I'LL PUT MY BEST MEN AT YOUR DISPOSAL.



THANKS A LOT, STONE, BUT I'LL SCOUT AROUND A BIT BY MYSELF FIRST... I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER IF I HAVE TO.



HM! THE CREW SEEMS TO BE MOSTLY SPANISH OR PORTUGUESE... SOMEHOW OR OTHER I MUST GET ON ONE OF THE LARGO SHIPS-- AH! I BELIEVE I HAVE IT---

AFTER LEAVING THE OFFICE, COSMO GOES TO THE PIER OF THE LARGO LINES.

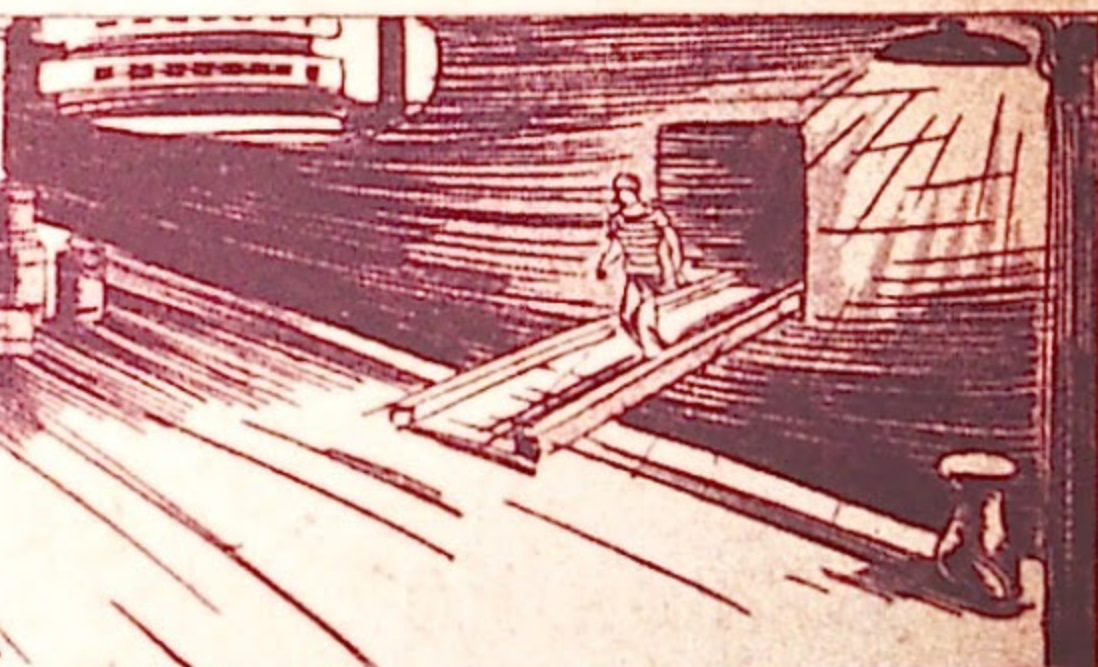


6 RETURNING TO HIS APARTMENT, COSMO DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A PORTUGUESE SAILOR.

DRIVE ME DOWN TO THE LARGO LINE, DAWSON, AND KEEP OUT OF VIEW TILL I CALL YOU.



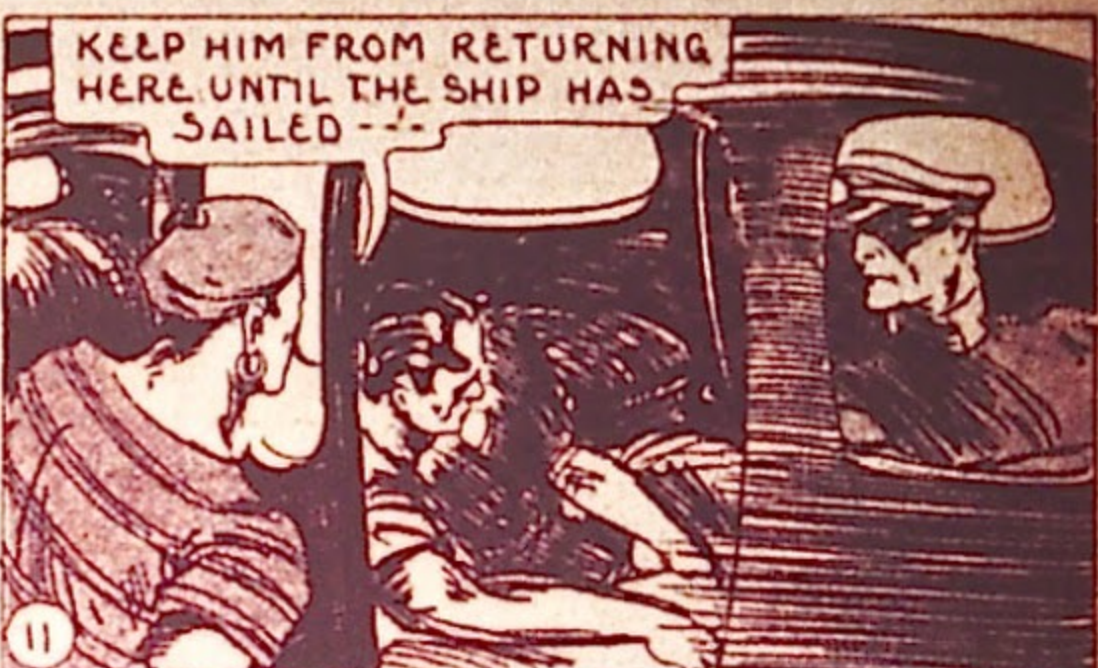
8 ON THE ALERT, COSMO TAKES HIS STAND BY ONE OF THE PIERHOUSES.



9 A LONE LIGHT DISCLOSES A SAILOR COMING DOWN THE GANG-PLANK OF THE DOCKED VESSEL.



10 AS THE SAILOR PASSES, COSMO LEAPS UPON HIM AND CLAPS A CHLOROFORMED CLOTH TO HIS NOSE.



KEEP HIM FROM RETURNING HERE UNTIL THE SHIP HAS SAILED --

11 CALLING DAWSON, THEY PUT THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN INTO THE TAXI.



12 COSMO RETURNS TO HIS VIGIL, KNOWING THE VESSEL IS TO SAIL WITHIN AN HOUR.



13 THE MATE, FINDING HIMSELF SHORT A SAILOR, GOES ASHORE IN THE HOPE OF FINDING ANOTHER DECK-HAND.



14 AS THE MATE APPROACHES, COSMO SAUNTERS UP THE QUAY TOWARD HIM.



15 THE RUSE WORKS AS THE MATE STOPS COSMO AND OFFERS HIM THE VACANT JOB.



16



17 FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THE SHIP CASTS OFF AND HEADS FOR THE OPEN OCEAN.



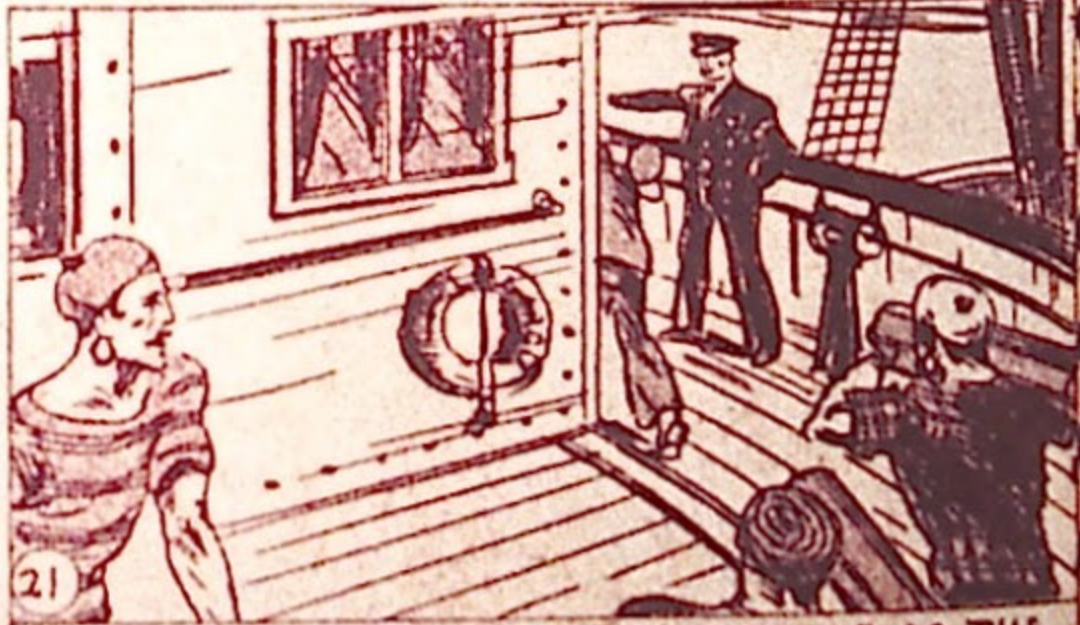
18 THE VESSEL PLOWS STEADILY EASTWARD OVER THE ATLANTIC.



19 AFTER MANY UNEVENTFUL DAYS THEY REACH THE SMALL MEDITERRANEAN PORT OF QUERIDA.



20 AS THE VESSEL LOADS ON CORK AND GRAPES, COSMO NOTICES A NUMBER OF LONG, ROUND CYLINDERS BEING CAREFULLY CARRIED ABOARD.



21



22

AGAIN THEY HEAD FOR THE OCEAN AND AMERICA.



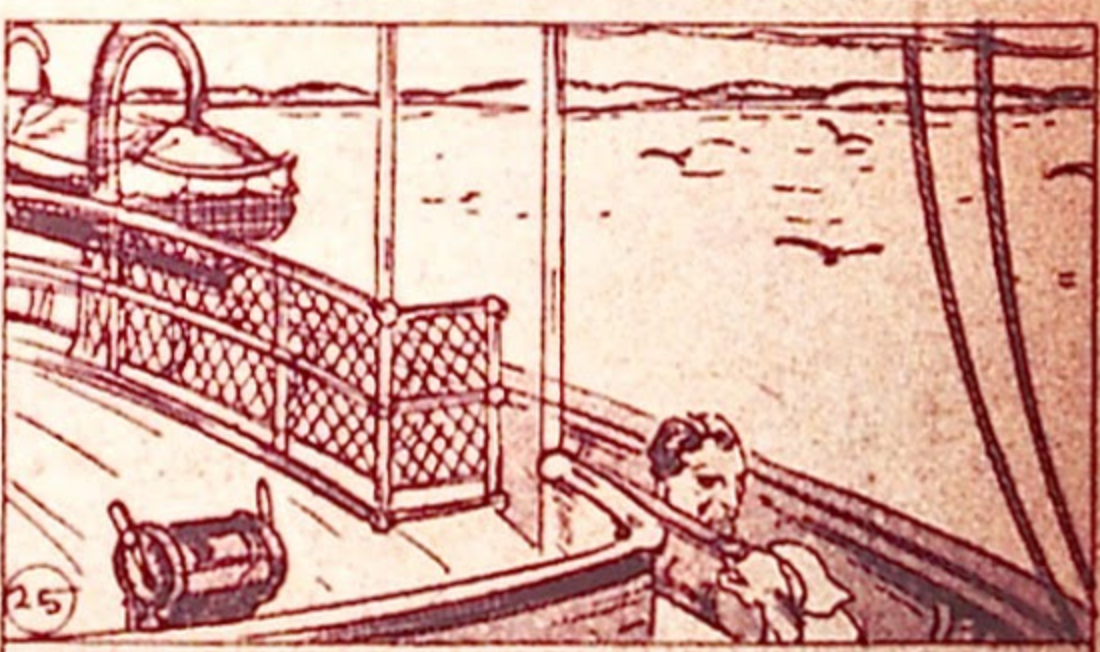
23

AFTER ANOTHER UNEVENTFUL TRIP THEY REACH THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY.



24

COSMO, AS THE PORTUGUESE SAILOR, HAS BEEN PUT TO POLISHING THE BRASS ON DECK, WHEN-



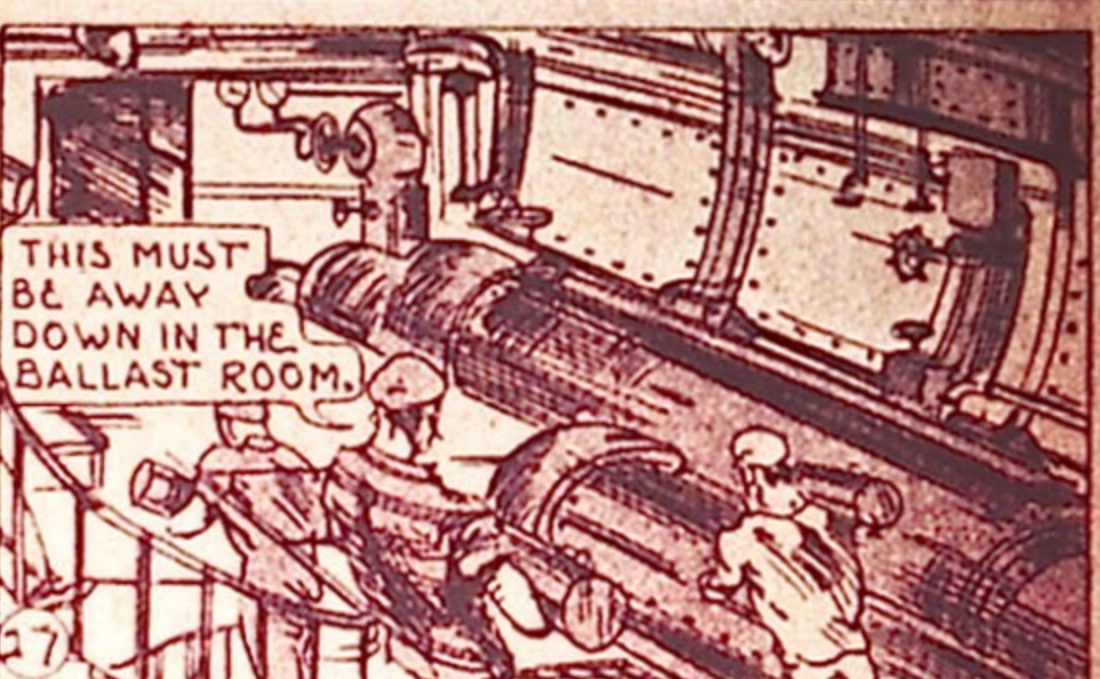
25

SEVERAL OF THE CREW APPEAR, CARRYING THE CYLINDERS OUT OF THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM DOWN INTO THE HOLD.



26

TAKING A CHANCE, COSMO LEAVES HIS POST AND JOINS THE OTHER MEN IN MOVING THE CYLINDERS.



27

THEY ARE CARRIED BELOW DECK AND DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP.



28

THE CAPTAIN AND MATE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE AND TAKE CHARGE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CARGO.



29 AS THE MEN RETURN TO THEIR STATIONS, COSMO UNOBTUSIVELY DROPS BEHIND.



30



31 HIDING BEHIND A HUGE BOILER, COSMO SEES THE CAPTAIN PRESS A BUTTON BEHIND A PANEL.



32

A SMALL DOOR OPENS UP IN THE APPARENTLY BLANK STEEL WALL.



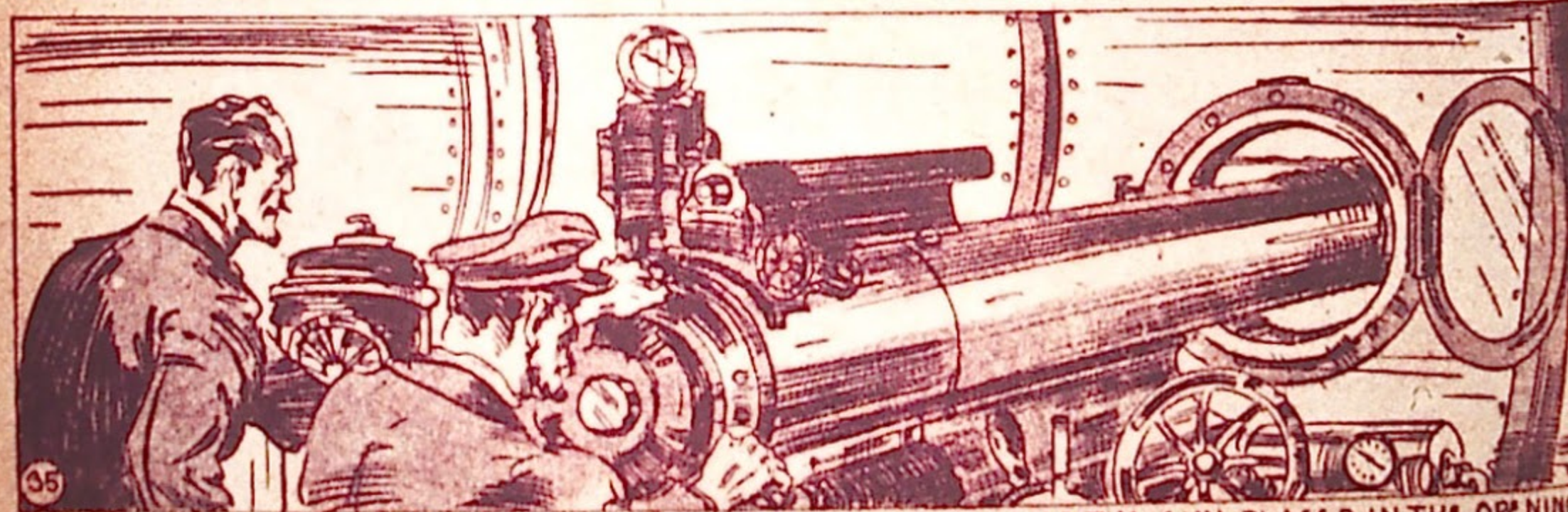
33

THE TWO MEN ENTER THE TINY ROOM, EACH TAKING WITH THEM TWO OF THE CYLINDERS.



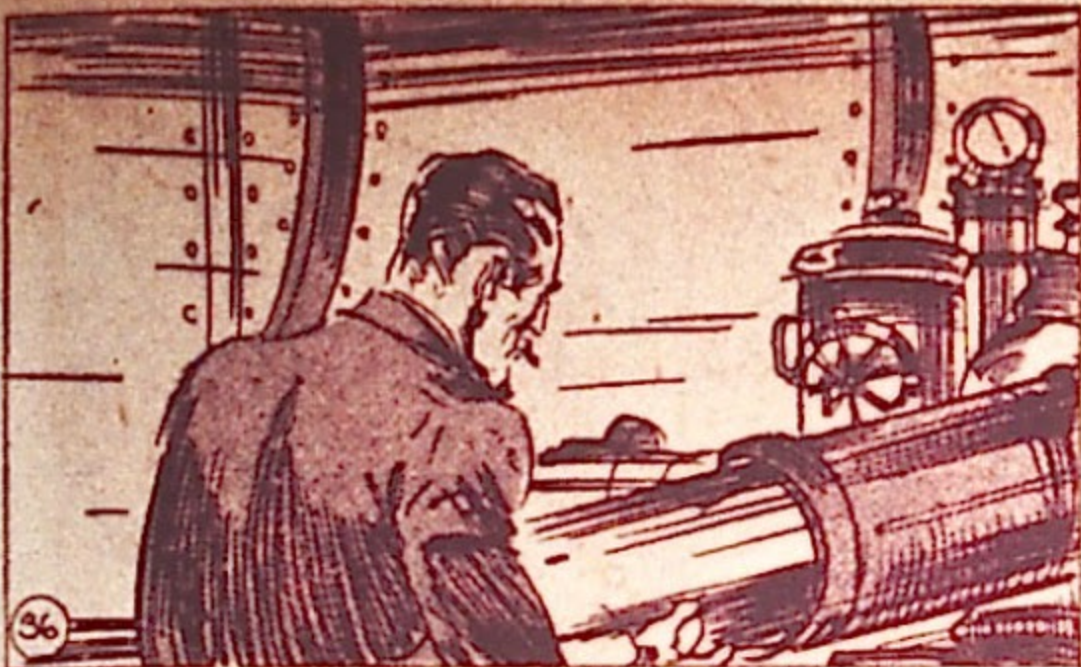
34

THEY UNCOVER APPARATUS THAT COSMO RECOGNIZES AS A TORPEDO GUN.



35

THE ONE PORTHOLE IN THE ROOM IS OPENED AND THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN PLACED IN THE OPENING.



36 THE CAPTAIN PLACES ONE OF THE CYLINDERS IN THE PROJECTILE.



37 PEERING THRU HIS BINOCULARS AT THE DISTANT SHORE OF NEW JERSEY, HE ADJUSTS THE SIGHTS OF THE GUN.



ALL RIGHT---
LET HER GO.

38



KEEP THEM HIGH, GENTLEMEN-- AND NOW,
LET'S GO TO THE WIRELESS ROOM---
AND DON'T MAKE
ANY MISSTEP--

39 COSMO SPRINGS INTO THE ROOM, COVERING THE MEN WITH HIS AUTOMATIC.



COMMISSIONER STONE--
--AND COAST GUARD----
--PICK UP S.S. LARGO--
OFF JERSEY COAST--
--- LONG 74'---LAT 40'20°
-----COSMO--

40 COSMO WIRELESSES INSTRUCTIONS TO HEAD-QUARTERS.



HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS, COMMISSIONER, AND THE SOLUTION TO THE SMUGGLING.

41



FINE WORK, COSMO--- AND MY MEN
HAVE ALSO CAPTURED TWO MEN ON
THE JERSEY COAST
WHO WERE RECEIVING
THE DOPE THAT
WAS BEING SMUG-
GLED INTO THE COUNTRY
BY TORPEDO.

42



LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

LARRY STEELE, YOUNG PRIVATE DETECTIVE, WHO IS JUST AT THE START OF HIS CAREER, AND HIS FATHER, AN EX COLLEGE PROFESSOR AND PROMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST, ARE DISCUSSING AN ARTICLE IN THE EVENING PAPER, CONCERNING THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A WORLD RENOWNED SWIMMING AND DIVING CHAMPION ---



by Will George

GOSH, DAD, JOHNNIE WESTON! I SAW HIM JUST LAST WEEK - HE SAID HE WAS COMING TO ANDRE'S DINNER TONIGHT --

THE ARTICLE SAYS HE WAS LAST SEEN LEAVING HIS HOTEL ON THE WAY TO THE CLUB --- ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE IN HOLLYWOOD -

BUT, DAD, A CELEBRITY LIKE HIM CAN'T JUST DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR! HE'S TO START WORK ON BILL GRAHAM'S NEW PICTURE, "TOO MUCH MONEY", WITH ANDRE DU BOIS, TOMORROW!

I DON'T KNOW, SON --- THE FILM PRODUCERS AND THE POLICE HAVE STARTED A LOCAL SEARCH AND ARE PLANNING TO CALL IN THE FEDERAL MEN ON A NATION WIDE HUNT AT ONCE -

I WONDER IF SOME RIVAL FILM COMPANY COULD BE LOW ENOUGH TO HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM?

I HOPE ANDRE IS IN NO DANGER -- GEE, I'VE GOT TO HURRY AND DRESS FOR HIS DINNER!

LET'S NOT WORRY TO MUCH YET, SON -

HMM -- GUESS I WON'T LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE A HICK DETECTIVE, NOW -

TAKE IT EASY, DAD
I WON'T BE TOO LATE-

HAVE A GOOD TIME,
SON -- MY BEST
TO ANDRE-



LARRY IS AMONG THE LAST OF THE GUEST TO ARRIVE

COME ON IN OLD MAN-
WE'RE ALL READY TO START

HOW'S THE OLD
HEARTBREAKER?



ANY NEWS
ABOUT WESTON?

NOT A THING, LARRY
GRAHAM'S WORRIED



YOU KNOW EVERYONE
HERE, LARRY. COME ON,
EVERYBODY, SOUP'S ON

WELL HERE'S THE
LAW IN PERSON

HELLO, GANG!
HI, BILL

O.K. LARRY



THE GROUP IS SEATED, JUST STARTING DINNER

TELEPHONE,
MR DU BOIS

THANKS, HASTINGS - WILL YOU
FOLKS PLEASE EXCUSE ME?



AT A HALL WINDOW -



HELLO! HELLO!
NOBODY ANSWERS!



THEY DRAG HIM TO A NEARBY CAR — —



THE BUTLER CAREFULLY STRAIGHTENS UP THE LIBRARY TO ERASE ALL SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE



BACK IN THE DINING ROOM

WONDER WHAT CAN
BE KEEPING ANDRE?

HE IS TAKING QUITE
A WHILE ISN'T HE?



MR DU BOIS JUST RECEIVED A PHONE CALL
FROM HIS SISTER AT HER COUNTRY PLACE. SHE
SAID HIS MOTHER IS CRITICALLY ILL. HE HAD
TO LEAVE DIRECTLY. HE ASKS YOUR FORGIVENESS
AND INSISTS THAT YOU CONTINUE
WITHOUT HIM. —



WILL HE BE BACK
TOMORROW,
HASTINGS?

HE SAID HE WOULD BE
ON THE LOT, READY TO
WORK, IN THE MORNING,
MR. GRAHAM—



I DON'T LIKE THAT BUTLER—
HMM — 8:40



NEXT MORNING ON THE LOT OF "TOO MUCH MONEY"

HELLO, LARRY -
WHAT GOT YOU UP?

CURIOSITY, I GUESS,
BILL — HEAR ANYTHING
OF JOHNNIE WESTON
YET?



NOT A THING!
WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING
ANDRE - HE'S NEVER LATE—

NOT HERE YET, EH?
I'M GOING TO CALL
HIS SISTER!



BILL / GET THIS /
ANDRE'S SISTER HASN'T
SEEN HIM / SAYS SHE NEVER
EVEN CALLED HIM LAST
NIGHT! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

HOLY SMOKE /
WHAT CAN
THIS MEAN?

SET 4

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!
LET'S GET OUT TO
HIS PLACE!

WE'LL TAKE MY
CAR - IT'S FASTER!

MIMI, WHERE'S THAT DOPE
OF A BUTLER?

I HAVE NOT SEEN HEEM
TODAY, MR. STEELE!
HE EZZ VANEESH!

NO KIDDIN'!
MAY I USE THE PHONE?

BUT, OF COURSE,
MR. STEELE

OPERATOR, CAN YOU TELL ME
IF MR. ANDRE DU BOIS RECEIVED
A CALL AT ABOUT 8:40 LAST NIGHT?

MR. DU BOIS RECEIVED
NO CALLS LAST NIGHT, SIR—

JUST AS I THOUGHT, BILL!
THAT CALL WAS A PHONEY—
NOW LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING—

— AFTER HASTINGS ANNOUNCED ANDRE'S
DEPARTURE I HEARD A CAR DRIVE AWAY.
IT WAS NOT ANDRE'S CAR!!
I KNOW THAT CAR TOO WELL!

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE?

AFTER ANDRE LEFT, I WAS RATHER SUSPICIOUS, SO I SNOOPED A BIT IN THE LIBRARY. I FOUND THIS AT THE DOOR, BUT DISREGARDED IT AT THE TIME—

WHAT IS IT?



A HAND-ROLLED CIGARETTE; NOBODY SMOKES THOSE AROUND HERE I THINK THIS IS A CASE OF KIDNAPPING!

ANOTHER "DISAPPEARANCE"!



WE MUST NOTIFY THE POLICE, BUT I INTEND TO WORK ON THIS CASE!

MR. STEELE! LOOK AT THEES!



"KID RILEY, MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE WORLD, MISSING! WAS LAST SEEN ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK, WITH HIS MANAGER, TO DEFEND HIS TITLE—THE BOUT WAS SCHEDULED FOR TONIGHT—BELIEVED KIDNAPPED!"

THIS IS GETTING TO BE AN EPIDEMIC!



LARRY, THESE DISAPPEARANCES COULD ALL BE LINKED TOGETHER!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT, TOO! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO SCOUR THIS PLACE FOR CLUES CONCERNING ANDRE!



LARRY "SCOURS", BUT NOTHING ELSE OF VALUE TURNS UP—

MIMI! HAS THAT FOOL BUTLER COME BACK YET?

NO, SIR—



BILL, IT'S A CINCH HASTINGS WAS IN ON ANDRE'S KIDNAPPING!

LARRY! WHAT'S THAT!



FLASH! THE MANGLED BODY OF STEVE HARPER, KID RILEY'S MANAGER, WAS FOUND JUST WEST OF CHICAGO! IT IS BELIEVED HE WAS THROWN FROM THE TRAIN! KID RILEY WAS NOT SEEN ON THE TRAIN AFTER CHICAGO—



THIS IS TERRIBLE //
BILL, THAT HASTINGS
WASN'T WITH ANDRE LONG,
AND HE STRIKES ME AS
BEING TOO CUNNING FOR
A MERE BUTLER!

ME TOO!
- HAD A CRAFTY
LOOK ABOUT HIM -



IF THESE DISAPPEARANCES
SHOULD LINK UP ---
BILL! I'VE GOT A PLAN!
WE'RE GOING TO THE
AIR-PORT!

I DON'T GET IT,
BUT I'M WITH YOU -



BILL, I WANT TO SEE IF HASTINGS
LEFT TOWN! HE MIGHT LEAD
US TO ANDRE ---



LARRY AND GRAHAM INQUIRE AT THE AIRPORT,
GIVING A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF HASTINGS -

WHY, YES! SUCH A MAN
LEFT FOR NEW YORK
ON THE MIDNIGHT PLANE -

THANKS!



BILL, THE POLICE CAN
LOOK AFTER THINGS
HERE - I PLAN TO
FOLLOW HASTINGS!

IT'S OUR
BEST BET!



NEW YORK - HASTINGS ON THE WAY -
RILEY'S DESTINATION - I WONDER
IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING?



I'LL PACK AND MEET
YOU AT THE STUDIO
IN HALF AN HOUR -

I'LL HAVE
MY PILOT
READY WITH
THE PLANE -



LARRY IS GREETED BY THE MAID, WHO GIVES
HIM BAD NEWS CONCERNING HIS MOTHER,
WHO IS IN NEW YORK AT PRESENT -

MR. STEELE, YOUR FATHER JUST
LEFT FOR NEW YORK, AFTER
RECEIVING A WIRE CONCERNING
MRS. STEELE. SHE IS VERY ILL!

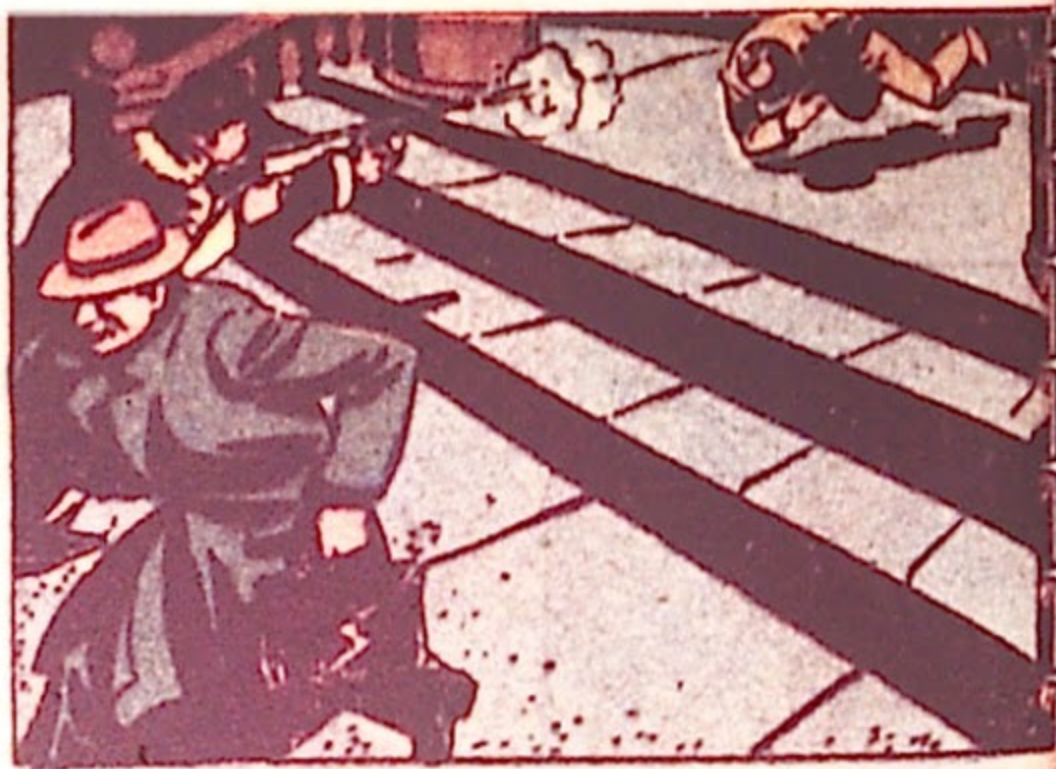
MOTHER! ILL!
NOW I MUST
GET TO
NEW YORK!



SPEED SAUNDERS

BY FLESS

THE NAME, SPEED SAUNDERS IS WRITTEN IN THE ANNALS OF POLICE HISTORY AS ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT AND SPEEDIEST DETECTIVES THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN. — IN CONTRAST TO THE METHODOICAL SHERLOCK HOLMES TYPE OF SLEUTH — SPEED RELIES ON NERVE AND AN UNCANNY SENSE FOR HUNCHES.



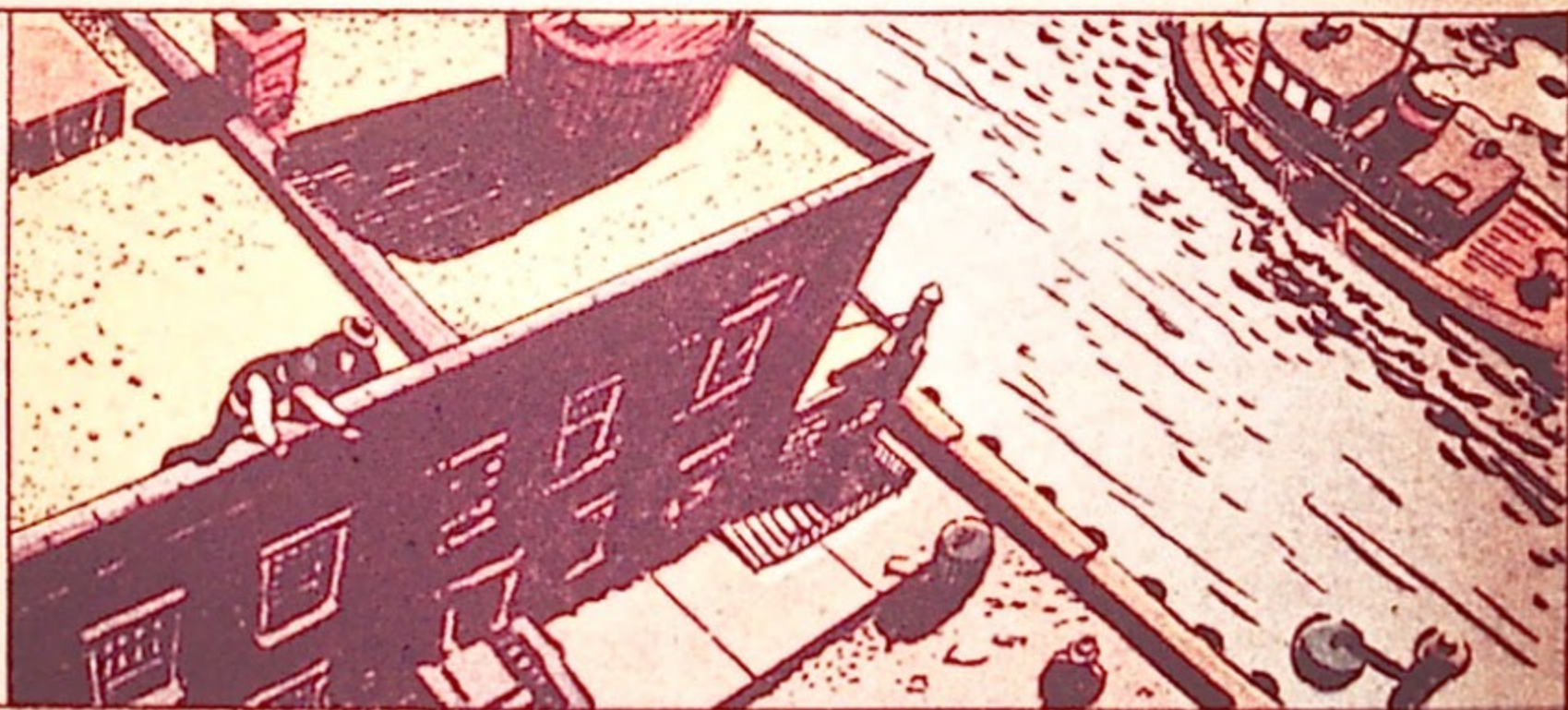
THEY WENT DOWN
RIVER STREET. THAT'S
A DEAD END STREET.
-I'LL WALK NOW.



SPEED SAUNDERS, THE WATERFRONT DETECTIVE,
BEGINS AN UNOFFICIAL INVESTIGATION!

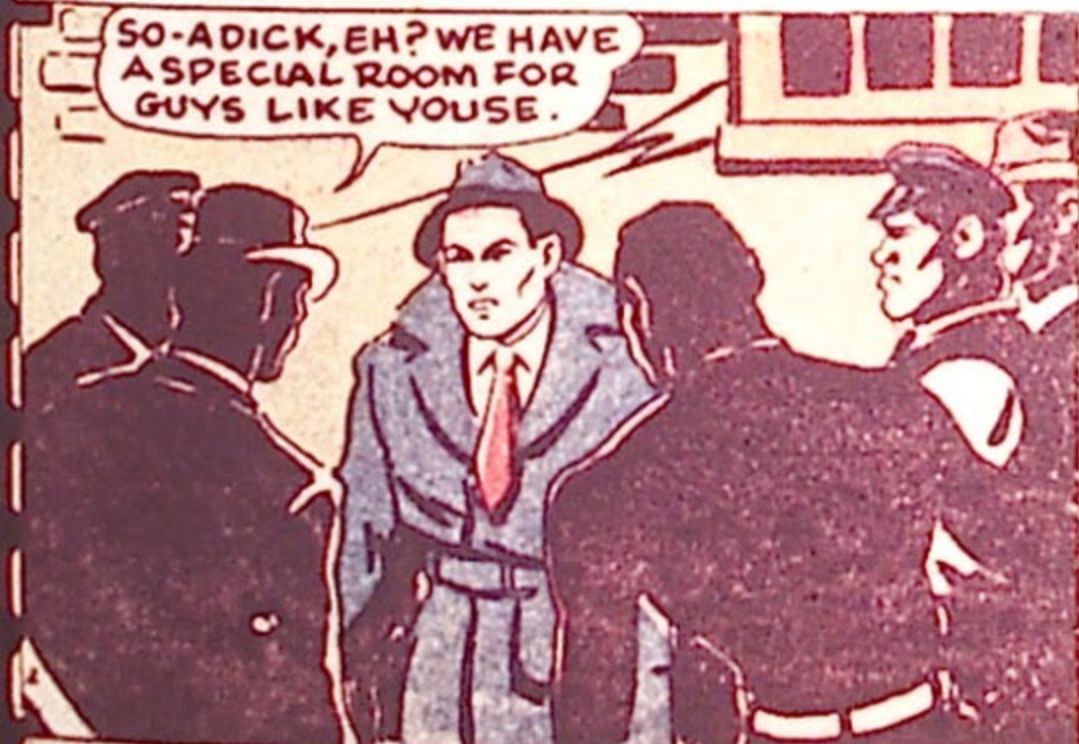
A BANK ROBBERY

THE BANDITS MAKE
A SUCCESSFUL GET-
AWAY! — THE
POLICE SQUAD
CARS COMB THE
CITY FOR A CLUE!
— ONE MAN
KNOWS WHERE
THE HIDEOUT OF
THE CRIMINALS
IS. THAT IS SPEED
SAUNDERS, WHO
IS HOT ON THEIR
TRAIL! —



SPEED IS SUDDENLY DRAGGED DOWN INTO A
DARK CELLAR BY TWO POWERFUL THUGS!!!

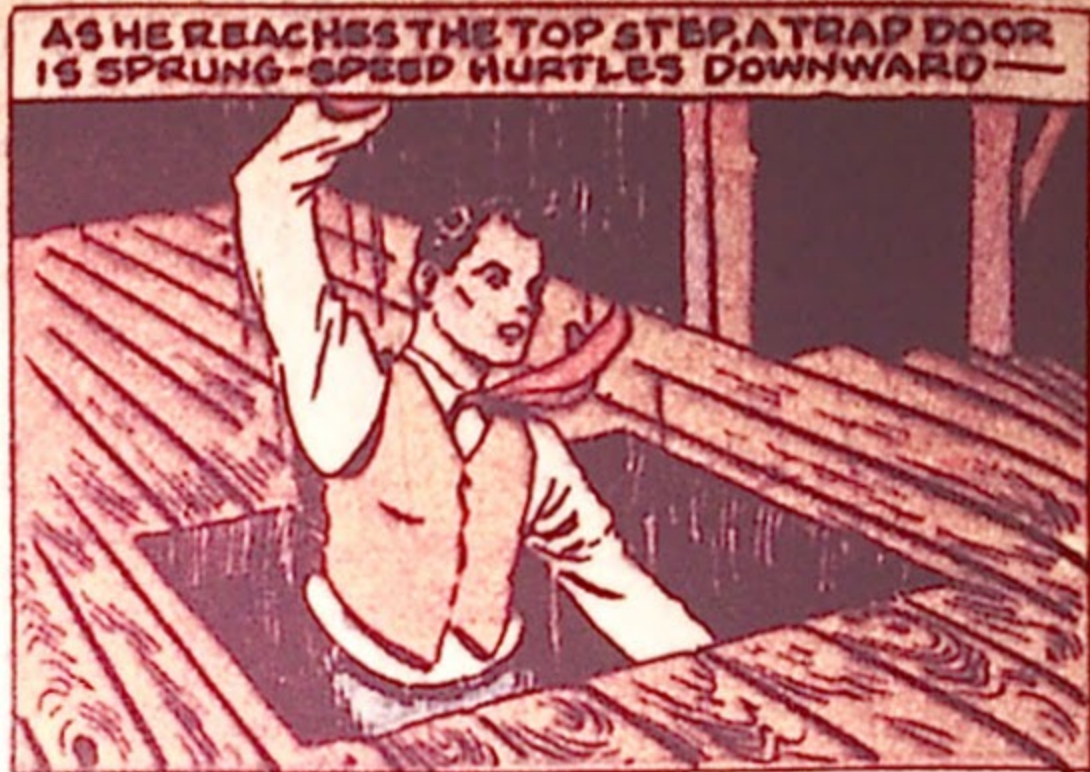
SO - A DICK, EH? WE HAVE
A SPECIAL ROOM FOR
GUYS LIKE YOUSE.



HM - NICE PLACE! —
I'M GETTING ONE
HAND LOOSE —
AND THEN —



SPEED GETS LOOSE
AND FIGHTS OFF
THE HORDE OF
HUNGRY RATS!



AS HE REACHES THE TOP STEP, A TRAP DOOR
IS SPRUNG—SPEED HURTTLES DOWNWARD—



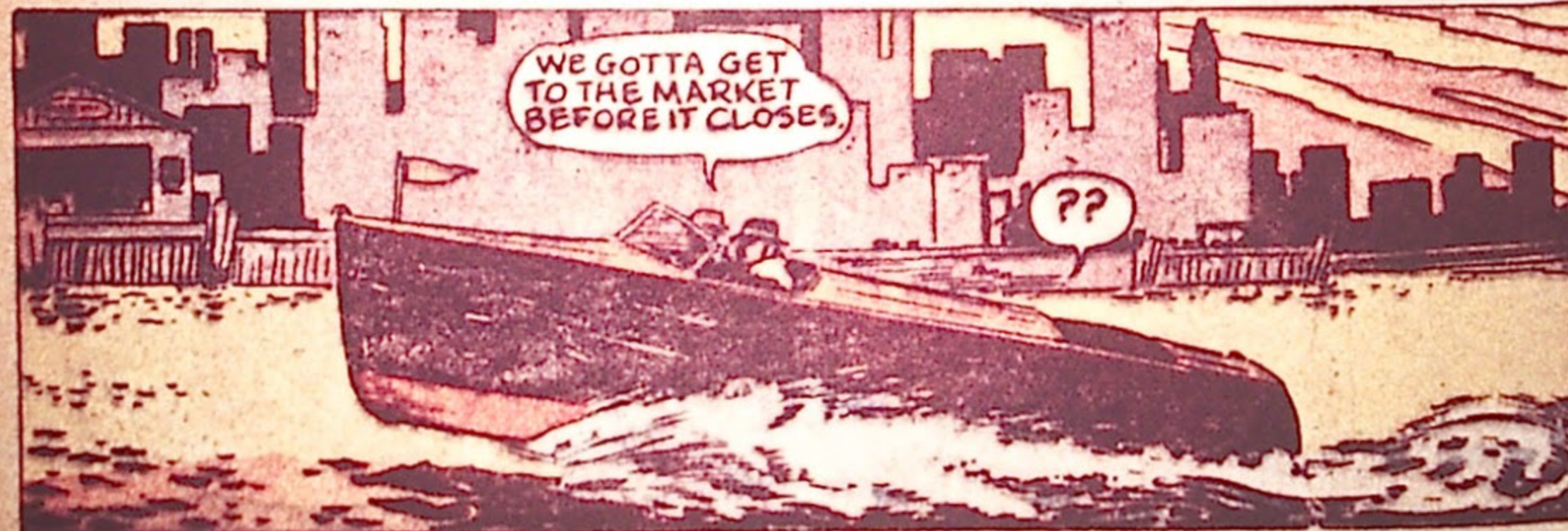
THIS MUST BE
THEIR BOAT.
IT HAS NO
LICENSE.



HERE THEY COME.
I'LL HIDE UNDER
THIS DECK.



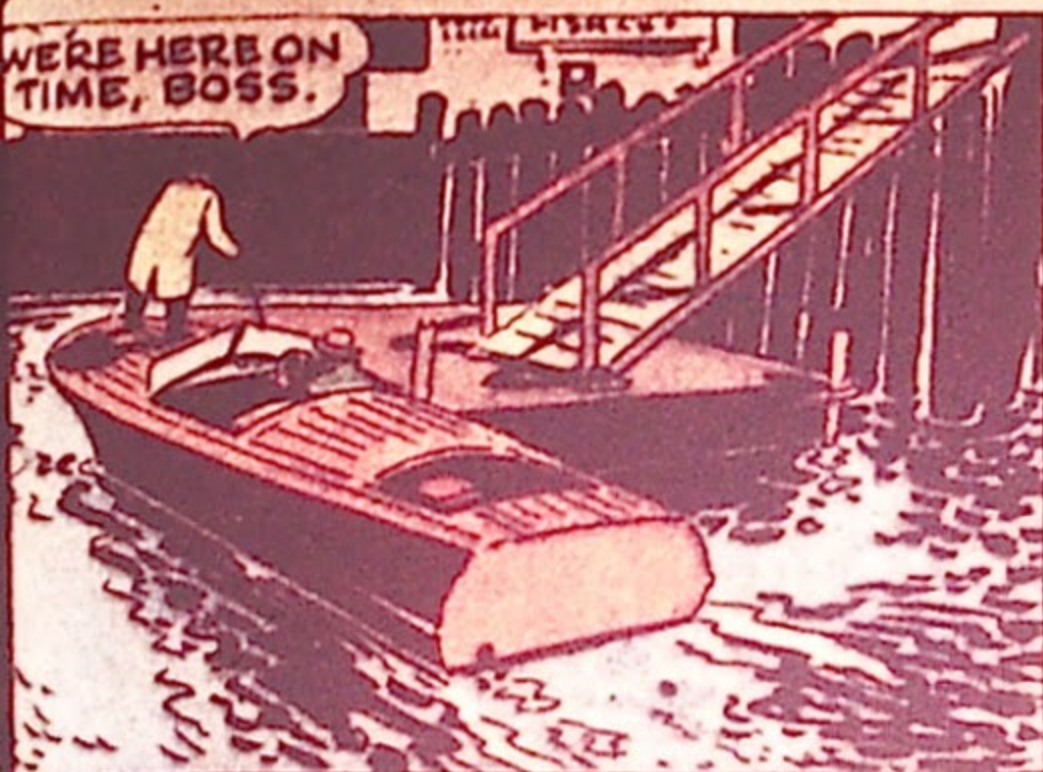
PUT THOSE BOXES
IN THE BACK AND
LET'S GET GOIN'!



WE GOTTA GET
TO THE MARKET
BEFORE IT CLOSES.

??

WE'RE HERE ON
TIME, BOSS.



I'VE GOT A HUNCH! - YESSIR I KNOW WHAT
IS IN THOSE BOXES - NOW IF I CAN GET
IN TOUCH WITH THE POLICE, QUICK.



HELLO, CHIEF? - YEAH, THIS IS SAUNDERS.
SAY - I GOT A LINE ON THOSE CROOKS. YES,
COME TO NUMBER 3 RIVER STREET.



THE POLICE CARS SPEED
TO THE WATERFRONT



HAVE YOU A TELEPHONE
I COULD USE?

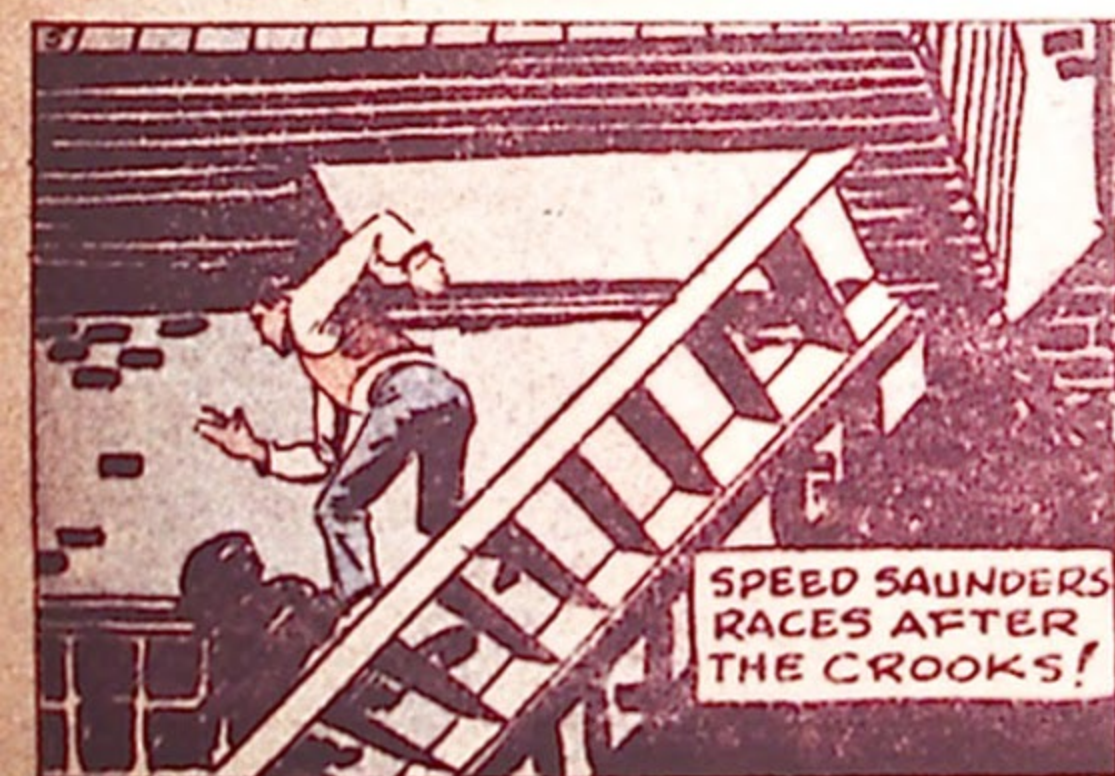
YAH,
SURE.

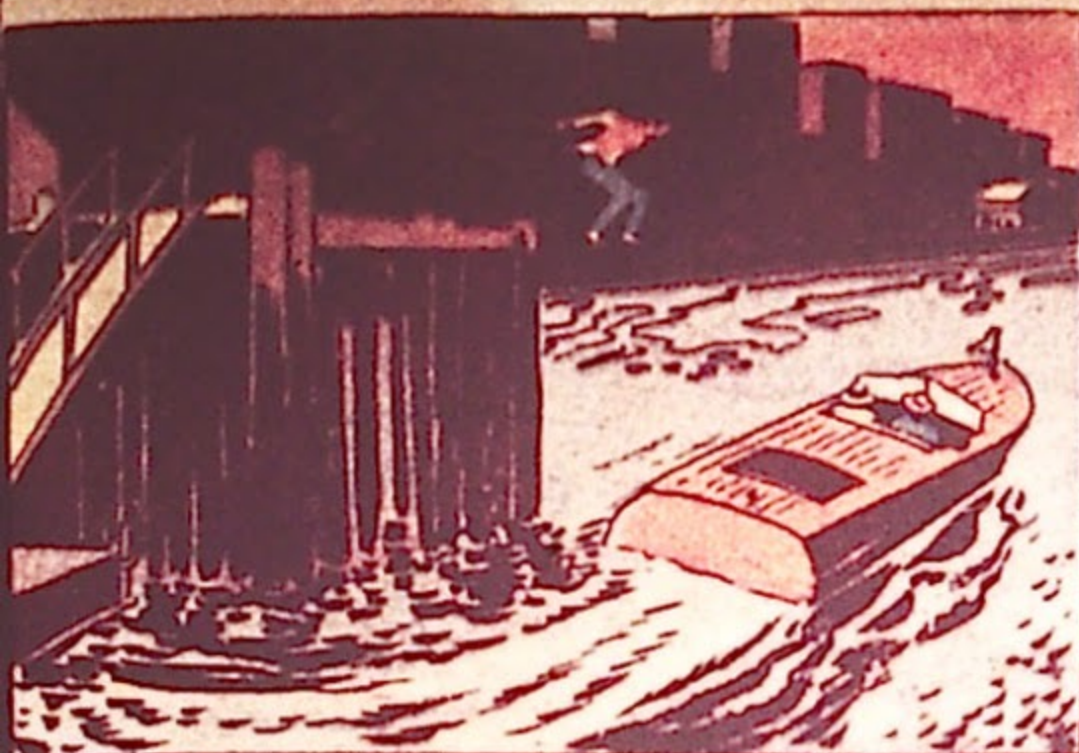


RIVER STREET - OKAY,
HOLD THEM THERE, WE'LL
BE RIGHT DOWN!!



THEY MUST BE
UP STAIRS! I
SHOULD HAVE
A BULLET PROOF
VEST!





WE WUZ LUCKY TO GET AWAY. I HOPE MIKE PLUGGED THAT DETECTIVE.

YEAH, AN' I GUESS THOSE BOXES WILL BE OKAY. THE DUMB COPS WILL NEVER GET WISE!



THEY DON'T KNOW I'M HERE-NOW IF I CAN LASSO THEM WITH THIS ROPE!



TURN THE BOAT AROUND AND GO BACK TO THE DOCK. OR I'LL YANK YOUR HEADS OFF!

H-HELP! STOP!!



HERE'S YOUR MEN, CHIEF. DID YOU FIND THOSE BOXES?

YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHING ON US, WE'RE PEDDLING FISH.

MIKE MORINE! OUT ON PAROLE. AND PEDDLING FISH, HEY?



A NICE MESS THIS IS, SAUNDERS. WE CAME DOWN AFTER THE BANK ROBBERS, AND FIND TWO EX-CONVICTS AND BOXES OF FISH!

JUST A MINUTE. LET ME LOOK AT THE FISH.



I'LL CUT OPEN THIS FISH AND - I THINK I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU! CHIEF.



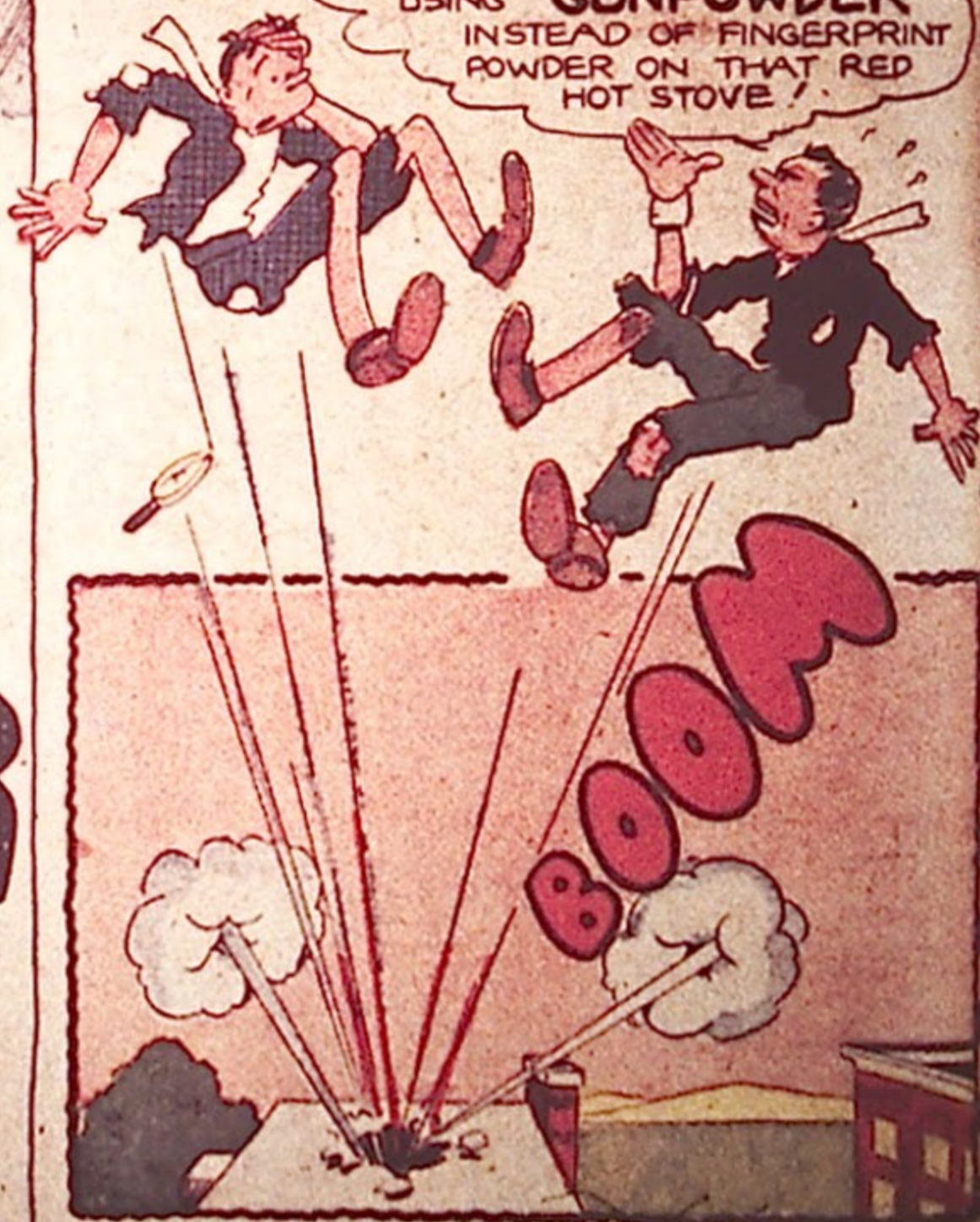
WORKING ON A HUNCH-SPEED DISCOVERS THE STOLEN GOLD IN THE STOMACHS OF THE FISH..... THE END.....

SILLY STORIES

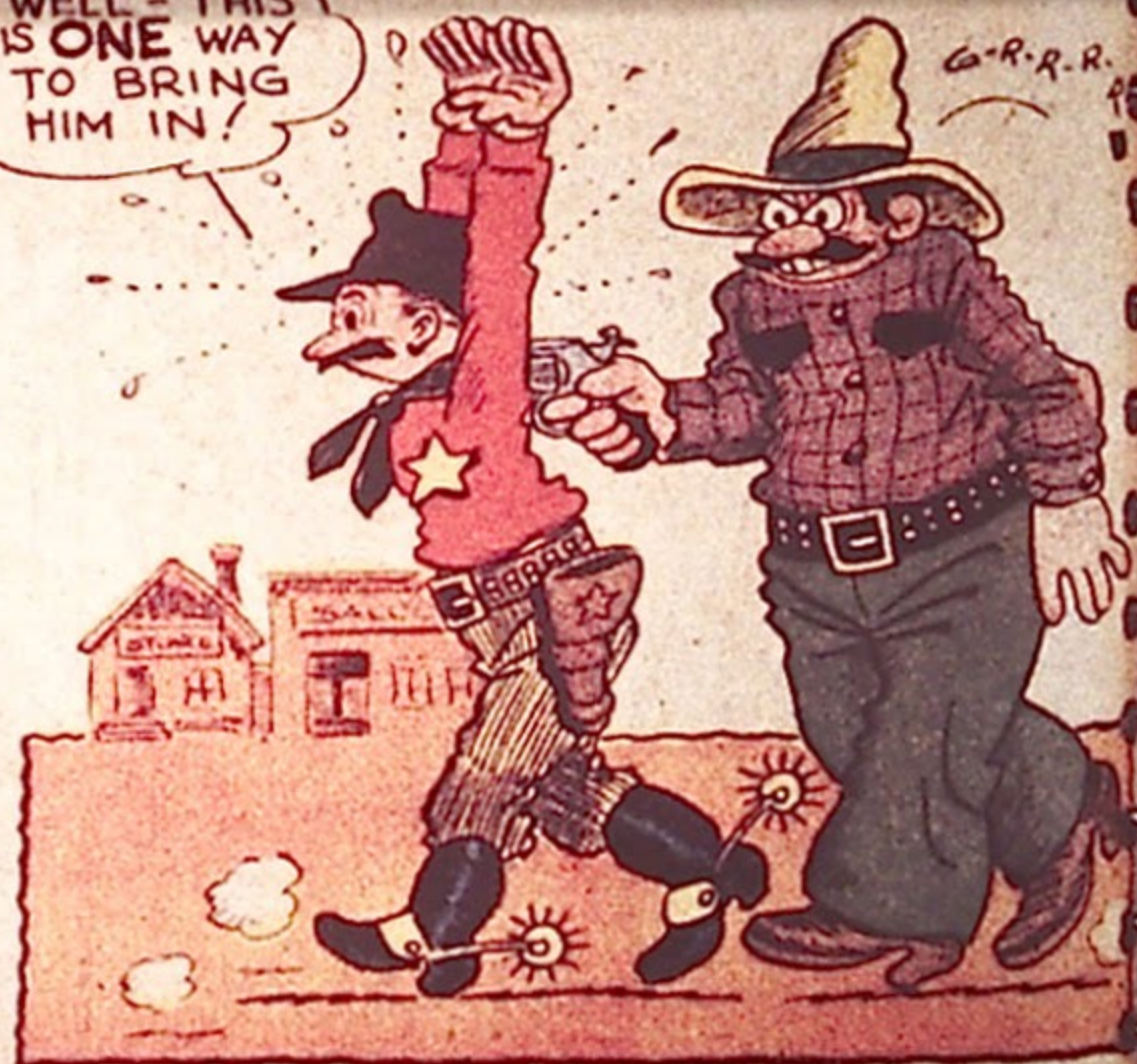
I. THINK YOU'VE MADE A SLIGHT ERROR - CLANCY... THE MAN WE WANT IS SIX FEET TALL, WEIGHS 200 POUNDS AND HAS A LONG WHITE BEARD!



A FINE DETECTIVE YOU ARE! USING **GUNPOWDER** INSTEAD OF FINGERPRINT POWDER ON THAT RED HOT STOVE!



WELL - THIS IS ONE WAY TO BRING HIM IN!



WANTED!



\$5000 REWARD

POP - I'M GONNA BECOME A **G-MAN** WHEN I GROW UP!



FLASH!

ASK FOR IT BY NAME!

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JULY, 1937

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